Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

VOL. XXXII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 22, 1864. NO. 41.

Maine Farmer.

EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Fairs in Maine---1864.

[We publish below a list of those Agricultural Societies which hold exhibitions this fall, with the time and place, so far as they have come to our knowledge. The list will be kept standing, and we hope the Secretaries of Societies not mentioned below will forward us the necessary information, that our list may be corrected so as to include all the Societies who are to hold fairs this season.]

KENNEBEC, at Readfield, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12th and 13th.

NORTH KENNEBEC, at Waterville, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27th and 28th.

WALDO, at Belfast, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th.

YORK, at Saco and Biddeford (the Cattle Show to be on the Agricultural Grounds in Saco, and the Fair in the City Hall in Biddeford) Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.

KENNEBEC UNION Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at Gardiner, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

NORTH PENOBSCOT, at Lee Village, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12th and 13th.

HANCOCK at Ellsworth, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 21st, 22d, and 23d.

FRANKLIN, at Farmington, Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 4th and 5th.

SAGADAHOC, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.

Provincial Exhibitions.

NEW BRUNSWICK, at Fredericton, Oct. 4—7th.

UPPER CANADA, at Hamilton, Sept. 26th—30th.

Jottings at the New England Fair...No. 1.

We intended to have given a current report of the incidents and occurrences at the Exhibition and Fair of the New England Agricultural Society held in Springfield on the 6th to 9th instants, and we took abundance of notes for that purpose. We have been prevented from "coming to time" in regard to it for the following reasons: 1st, We were placed into the committee *harness* as soon as we arrived on the ground, which gave a pressure of labor that used up our time and strength to its utmost stretch, and 2d, a severe illness for a few days after the close.

Our readers have had some details of the show, gleaned from other sources, which have kept them posted in regard to many, if not all the departments, so that we propose to be more general in our remarks than we otherwise should have been.

OBJECTS AND DESIGNS OF THE SOCIETY. Whether nature has really attached any peculiar characteristics to the climate, soil and general surroundings of the territory known in modern Geography and by popular phraseology as New England, is easily answered in the negative; or whether she has impressed any uncommonly well marked characteristics upon the people, or their farm stock, is also as easily answered in the same way; and yet outsiders persist in writing us down as unique, and distinct from "all the world and the rest of mankind," in many very essential particulars, and as forming a sort of caste, so incompatible with the actions and tastes and pursuits of some others that they sometimes threaten to fence us off from the rest of the world and "leave us out in the cold." Such being the sentiment of some sections of the States, it has induced the thought in leading minds in New England, to act a little on the defensive, and to conclude that while we did not admit theories of our being a distinct people or a peculiar race, we should nevertheless bring ourselves into a more intimate social compact, in order that we might obtain among ourselves a better understanding of each others' pursuits and resources, and cultivate a more intimate acquaintance of each others' capacity to sustain the varied duties that devolve upon us as a part of the great industrial community of the Union.

The New England Agricultural Society, if conducted according to its original intents and purposes, will form one useful and effectual organ for this purpose. It has been started, it is true, during a period when the minds and energies of our people are absorbed night and day with earnest solicitude in the war waged against us for the purpose of destroying the cherished governmental institutions of our fathers, and it was feared by many that this circumstance alone would be sufficiently strong to neutralize every influence and every effort to give it a healthy start and ensure its continuance. This question is now happily settled. The fair has been held. It proved to be a triumphant success, and the satisfactory results in all its departments are a sufficient guaranty that the energy of New England can withstand a ten-fold stronger adverse pressure than has yet been put upon her.

GENEROSITY OF THE RAILROAD CORPORATIONS. After the preliminary organization of the society had been arranged, it became self-evident, that, after all, the aid of the several railroad corporations leading from the several States to the fair, was a *sine qua non* of success. If free and easy transportation could not be had, nothing more could be done. On application to the several superintendents, all, to their honor be it said, readily agreed to the proposition, *except one*, and that one was the Western railroad leading from Boston to Albany, through Springfield, and thereby forming the last link of communication to the several other roads. Whether this fact formed a stimulous to the manifest selfishness of those who held the control of the road for the time being, or whether they were prompted by any innate irrepressible, stubborn instincts common to that animal which the Jews abhor, we cannot say, but they granted no favors, no accommodations (to passengers at least) which were not paid for in full. All honor to the liberal roads, for "the liberal deviseth liberal things and by liberal things shall they stand."

OPENING OF THE FAIR. The day previous to the commencement of the Fair was rainy and uncomfortable, and gave poor promise and encouragement of "the good time coming," and the next morning was cloudy, with occasional drizzle. Towards noon, however, the clouds began to disperse and old Sol, the farmers' friend, peeped out upon the grounds, as much as to say I am with you, "go ahead."

The Society, with a large portion of the people who, in spite of the rain had come together, assembled at 11 o'clock in the President's marquee upon the grounds. Dr. Loring (the President) then addressed them in a most cordial and hearty manner. The address has been published and gone the rounds, and it will not be necessary now to give even a synopsis of it. His remarks were well received. The Doctor is a man of close and discriminating thought—an easy and ready speaker, and of indomitable energy and enterprise. He has poured out his whole soul, and no small draft on his time and purse for the accomplishment of this undertaking, and has richly earned the success that has attended his efforts. The society put the right man in the right place when they chose him to preside over them.

SHOW OF STOCK. The stock on the ground was, as a matter of course, made up of selections from the herds of their various owners, but we noticed that the distance which the different individuals had travelled made quite a difference in their appearance. Cattle, that have to be in the cars on the route a day or two, will not, and indeed cannot eat or drink, and fill themselves readily, and even after they are landed and placed in the show pens, they seem to be homesick and uneasy, which is no benefit to them, as it regards their good looks. This fact ought to be borne in mind, both by the trustees of the society and by the exhibitors. By the trustees, that arrangements might in future be made with the railway corporations for a longer time in which to transport stock to the fair, in order that those most distant may get their stock on the ground earlier, and have them well rested and wonted to the stalls by the time the exhibition commences; and it should be remembered by the exhibitors, that they may be induced to take an earlier start, and thus have more time to put their stock in as good condition at least as it usually is at home.

We do not propose to enter into any details descriptive of the stock upon the ground. The classes comprised the Short-horn, Devon, Ayrshire, Jersey, native and grades, followed by the usual classes of working oxen, steers, milch cows, heifers and calves. The Short-horns were all herd book animals, and exhibited the points characteristic of this breed of cattle, and with few exceptions, gave evidence of producing beef rather than milk, a trait which more modern English breeders have cultivated, until they have almost bred the milking properties out of them. The earlier Short-horns were excellent milkers. The number of cattle exhibited in this class amounted to ninety-two. Massachusetts and Vermont took the lead, there being but few from the other States. We regretted that there were none there from Maine. Messrs. Percival and Lang of Vassalboro', and Wadsworth of East Livermore, could have furnished as good specimens from their respective herds as any that were there.

DEVONS. There was a fine display of Devons, the number on the ground being about seventy. Massachusetts and Connecticut were the principal exhibitors. There were a few from New Hampshire. Why Maine and Vermont did not send in some of these beautiful cattle, we cannot tell. Our friend Anderson could have shown some equal to any there, and we presume some of the Vermonters could also.

AYRSHIRES. Of this class of trim built, deep milking stock, there were forty on the ground, mostly from Massachusetts. This being a milking stock, proprietors could not well afford to have them away from home so long as would be required of the owners, at great distances. Our friend, N. Foster, of Gardiner, carried up his choice cow, and exhibited her with the rest, and, in our judgment, she was the best cow of the kind on the ground. How the premiums went we have not learned. Maine could have competed right smart in this department if our Ayrshire men had been so disposed. [We have since learned that Mr. Foster's cow obtained the second premium of $40, and that she was disposed of by her owner for $145 to a gentleman in Providence, Rhode Island.]

HEREFORDS. The show of Herefords was meager, Only twelve entries were made, and the individuals present, though very respectable, did not give a true representation of what that breed was capable of. These were from Springfield. She wanted some of our old friend Underwood's Herefords there, or our neighbor Farnum's young stock of this kind, to show them what a Hereford really is.

JERSEYS. About thirty of this class were on the ground, principally from Massachusetts.—There were two or three from Connecticut, and a few from New Hampshire. They were not the best specimens of this much abused but valuable milking stock. Massachusetts could have furnished better, and so could Connecticut, and so could Maine. We hope that another show will bring them out.

Of horses and oxen we shall speak more particularly in our next.

Notes from our Copy Drawer.

☞ We are favored with the bi-monthly Report of the Department of Agriculture, for June and July, giving in a tabular form the condition and prospects of the crops during those months. It also presents tables showing the export of produce from New York from January to August 16, 1846; the number of foreign emigrants arrived at New York, during the first six months of the present year; the extent and damage of the June frost, temperature &c., &c. Altogether, it is a compact and satisfactory document.

☞ An anonymous correspondent at Jefferson, writes us controverting a statement recently made in our columns, but we cannot publish the communication unless it is authenticated by the proper name of the writer. We demand this in all cases involving such statements as the one in question, not necessarily for publication, but to guard against deception, and as an evidence of the good faith of the writer.

PROFITABLE. A correspondent writes us that Mr. Marcus L. Spmpson of Turner, purchased a pair of twin ewe lambs in January last for seven dollars. The clip of wool from these lambs was nineteen pounds, which was sold for one dollar per pound; and Mr. S. now refuses $20 for the lambs. Another item showing the profits of wool-growing.

☞ In order to give place to the admirable address of Gov. Andrew, delivered at the late New England Fair—and to which we invite the attention of all our readers—we are obliged to omit our usual variety in the various departments of our paper. Several communications intended for this issue are in type, which, with others received, must lie over until another week, among these are one from R. S. Rich; M. Greenough; C. H. Wood; M. M.; * * *; Learner; Minot; S. E. R.; and George Taber.

Chandler's Potato Digger.

We here illustrate a new agricultural implement, invented and manufactured by our friend Moses Chandler of East Corinth, the inventor of Chandler's "Horse Hoe," that is becoming so useful to farmers these scarce times for labor. The digger is claimed to be a full success. The cut shows very plainly what it *is* and what it *does*.

The design of this implement is to forward the operation of potato digging, and to make the labor much more easy, saving fully one-half of the expense. The adjustable side scrapers, or coulters, scrapes off the sides of the drill, cleaning off all the grass and weeds and covers them up in the ditch between the rows. The knife or cutter attached at each end of the coulters, or scrapers, passes under the potatoes, raising them near the surface, and pulverizes the ground thoroughly. All the potatoes and tops pass directly through the machine.

This implement is not liable to clog nor to cut or scatter the potatoes in the least, but leaves the work as shown in the cut. It is light and compact—weighs only about fifty pounds—is not liable to get out of repair, and is easily understood. It may be worked with one horse or two, equally as well. A patent is now pending at the Patent Office in Washington.

For any further information please address the proprietors and manufacturers at East Corinth, Maine, M. Chandler & Co.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

On Butter Making.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—If you are not tired of hearing of the different ways of making butter, I will trouble you with my way of performing the operation. In the winter, when I have but little milk, I set the milk in small dishes, bowls, or any handy pans, in places where it will not freeze. The next morning I set the dishes over a kettle of hot water till it is scalding hot. (In no case let it boil.) Then put in a cold place to cool. When the cream has risen I take it off, and the milk is good for cooking purposes. If I keep the cream long I put in a little salt; I had rather it would not freeze. I put the cream in a dish, and when I wish new butter I take a cream stick or iron spoon, and by stirring it a few moments I have some very sweet butter. I scald a linen cloth with my tray and ladles; put them in very cold water, and after the butter is in the tray, absorb all the butter milk by pressing easily on the butter, with the cloth, wringing it out in cold water till I think there is no more buttermilk in it. I use one ounce, or two great spoons even full of salt to a pound. I do not touch my hands to butter, as the cooler it is kept the better. After mixing the salt well, I put it into balls. In summer I let my night's milk set thirty-six hours; morning's twenty-four hours. Sometimes, if the weather is cool, I let my pans set awhile after they are skimmed, and if a little cream rises, I use it for cooking, as I think the butter nicer without it. I absorb the buttermilk in the same way as in winter, and if it is not too soft, do not disturb it again. I keep my cream in the cellar, but my milk above. I never put water in my butter, unless it comes very soft and then only enough to cool it. Have tried it, but did not think it so sweet. EMILY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have read in your columns the various opinions and experiences about making butter, in which I have been much interested. But in my opinion, after the experience of twelve years, I have settled upon the following practice. I take my butter from the churn, and work it with my hands until the buttermilk is all out. This can easily be done by working it in small pieces at a time. It is then salted. For table use make in small balls and stamp; for market pack down in tubs.

I used to think that butter must be washed and worked the second time, but I think very differently now. Buttermilk is much easier worked out than water. Working butter the second time injures it rather than improves it. If it is worked with proper care the first time working, I have no trouble in having sweet butter. My butter put down in June, will be as sweet in the spring as new butter. I should be pleased to hear from "Sarah" about making cheese on a small scale.

O. G. H.

NOTE. We are never tired of reading or publishing the experiences of our correspondents upon any topic relating to practical husbandry or domestic economy. Let them not hesitate to forward notes of their practice and we will put them into shape for publication. Will not "Sarah" respond to the request of "O. G. H."?—EDS.

For the Maine Farmer.

Hay and Straw Cutters---Query.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I would like to inquire through your columns, of some person who has had experience in the matter, which is the best kind of hay and straw cutters; also the price, and whether a person who has but a horse and cow, would make it pay to cut the hay and straw for them?

The hay crop was very light down this way, owing to the drouth, but grain is good, and straw will have to be used for fodder to a greater extent than common the coming winter. Any one who will answer the above queries will confer a favor on many of the farmers of this place as well as myself.

Can not some of our dealers in such articles establish an agency at Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield or Caribou villages? It seems to me that it might pay, as I do not know of any place within the county where such things can be had.

Respectfully yours, T. C. B.

Foresteville, Aroostook County, Aug. 28.

For the Maine Farmer.

More Good Cows.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I saw in a recent number of the *Farmer*, an account of Mr. Chadbourn's four cows, which made thirty-six pounds of butter in one week, and am prompted thereby to tell you of mine. I have one cow that dropped a pair of calves the 5th of last February; and two heifers, one four years old the 23d of May, the other three years old the 20th of July, which dropped their calves the last of April. In the month of June, (after using what new milk and cream we wanted,) we made one hundred and fourteen lbs. of butter. I also have a fine, full blood Jersey bull, raised by Samuel Greely of Readfield, said to be the best specimen of that breed, and not to be beat by any animal to be found in this part of the State for perfect form, fineness of hair and yellow skin. GEO. W. JONES.

East Corinth, Sept. 1864.

New England Fair.

Address of Hon. John A. Andrew,

GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,

At the New England Agricultural Fair, Sept. 9th, 1864.

[The great feature of the last day's exhibition of the New England Agricultural Association, was the address of Gov. Andrew, which was delivered at noon from a stand erected for the purpose, in front of the spectators' seats. The Governor was received with great enthusiasm, and after being introduced by Dr. Loring, President of the Association, addressed the assembly as follows:]

I hail this becoming and beneficent gathering of the most intelligent yeomanry of New England. Here we touch her mother earth, while we join our friendly hands together in the spirit of a fresh dedication of our powers and hopes to the task of deepening the foundations of her solid fame, of widening the circle of her gracious influence, and brightening the sparkling diadem of her peaceful grandeur.

Let us remember for a moment the external picture of New England, as she presents herself to the eye of the economist and the thoughtful agriculturist, comprising the six States or Commonwealths of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Her area covers something more than 65,037 square miles, or nearly forty-two millions of acres of surface. Of these acres Maine possesses 20,330,240, of which only 5,700,755 acres are reckoned, by the census of 1860, as land included in farms; while again, of that number but 2,677,215 are classed with "improved lands." New Hampshire contains 5,939,200 acres; her farms including 3,744,630 acres; while her improved lands are but 2,367,039 acres.

Vermont contains an area of 6,535,680 acres, of which 4,160,839 are reckoned as land in farms, but of which quantity, again, but 2,758,443 acres are returned as under improvement. Massachusetts covers a surface of 4,992,000 acres, of which 3,183,212 are included in farms, while but 2,155,512 acres, are classed among improved lands. Rhode Island possesses 519,693 acres of farms, out of her 838,840 a res of area, but of these acres 329,884 only are reckoned as improved lands. Connecticut has 2,991,369 acres, with farms to the extent of 2,504,263, but her improved lands are stated at 1,830,808 acres.

Thus of the whole area of New England, only 12,118,902 acres, or three and five-tenths per cent. of her surface, have yet been brought within the category of improved land. With a population of 3,135,293 persons, on a soil reputed to be sterile, in a climate often styled unkind, New England had in 1860 accumulated an aggregate of wealth, invested in her lands, railroads, mills, ships and the various products of ingenuity and taste which indicate the industry and wealth of a highly cultivated and favored people, amounting in value to not less than two thousand millions of dollars. While she has contributed, according to the latest census, 569,336 of the sons and daughters native to her soil to swell the population of other Commonwealths, outside of New England, and has invested of her earnings, as she has scattered her children, in every State, on every waterfall and in every mart and mine and enterprise of industry.

Were her population to the square mile equal throughout to that of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, whose soil, as a whole, is the least fertile of the six States, she would rise to the number of ten and a quarter millions of souls, which, with a corresponding increase of wealth, would present an aggregate of real and personal value equal to more than seven thousand millions of dollars. When we remember that the increase of wealth, has constantly far outrun the growth of population, we have before us the prospect of a numerical strength and economic thrift, as the reward of our intelligent persuit of industry, capable of an expansion not yet to be measured, which permits to New England a proud and powerful place in the history of our national future.

The diversity of the pursuits to which her people are devoted, is not only manifold but universal, including all the varieties of industrial enterprise, extending in all directions of human action and human thought. Possessing all the features and peculiarities, over a large portion of her domain, of a rural life, her people are not only farmers or husbandmen, but they lead the rest of the country in the perils of the sea as fishermen and whale hunters, they furnish seamen to the navy and the mercantile marine in large disproportion to their numerical masculine strength, plant on all their waterfalls manufactories of cotton and wool, establish in every village the shops of artisans of every handicraft, build ships all along our coast, fabricate arms of all kinds and calibres, heavy ordnance and ironclad vessels of war, and make jewelry and instruments of music, as well as anchors, steam engines, and shoes.

They raise tobacco in the valley of the Connecticut and in other genial soils, as well as Indian corn, vegetables, hay and forage, all over New England. Not only ice and granite, but even sugar becomes a part of her production, and is a profitable source of gain as well as comfort or luxury. She has rendered the railway a domestic institution, so that the steam car visits nearly every hamlet and every considerable town. The music of its whistle no longer frightens the farmer's horse, nor does the proximity of the thundering locomotive raging and sighing under its heavy burden, and with the pressure of its fiery spirit, disturb the equanimity of the anxious matron, careful for the safety of her child.

The needle-woman, by the domestic hearth or in the shops where labor associates with capital, aided by the sewing-machine—one of the last best gifts of machanical invention to women, if not to man—the weaver, by the side of her carpet-loom, which seem to *think*, as well as work, and which almost talks; the shoemaker, pegging a boot at a blow; the laborer, who fills his gravel car by two strokes of a steam shovel, and upsets it by a turn of his hand; the husbandman, who mows and rakes his hay, and reaps, and threshes, and measures out his golden grain by the agencies of cunning mechanisms, almost without fatigue, are only a few of the thousand illustrations of how the human will, and the immortal intelligence of the human intellect, bridging over the gulf which lies between the boundaries of *matter* and *mind*, are vindicating the divinely given mastership of man over all the things which God hath made on earth.

Nay, more than that; for the things invisible and impalpable existing as hidden forces in the vast abyss of nature—caloric and steam and electricity and magnetism, and light itself: the mysterics of sciences so wonderful and august that they seem to tread celestial spheres, and to sweep the mind bewildered by the contemplation off far beyond the domain of knowledge or of reason—these, all these, tamed and allured to human uses, are familiar spirits by whose means a thousand miracles are wrought, without amazement to the beholder and with little consciousness of our own how nearly are we brought to the contemplation of the very thoughts of Deity.

Those winged horses, harnessed to the plow, the loom, the traveling car, carrying burdens, crushing ores, hammering granite and iron, or weaving delicate tissues for ornament or luxury, or flashing intelligence by invisible magic, are daily augmenting in number and power—though they had long since added mechanical forces to the industrial strength of our New England, equivalent to that of many millions of men.

Besides all this, there are the peculiar advantages of neighborhood or contiguity, derived from compactness and from convenience of transportation, whether found on the shores of the sea, in the flow of rivers, or in artificial highways.

Her long, continuous seacost line, with its many harbors, stretches from Calais all around to the Hudson. Her rivers generally not navigable far inland, to be sure—such as the Penobscot, the Kennebec, the Merrimack, the Connecticut, the Blackstone, and a hundred minor streams—but still beautiful diversifications of the landscape, have all contributed beyond human estimate to her development. They have floated the hemlock, oaks, and pines from interior forests to the sea. The, turned the mill and ground the corn for our fathers in the early humility of their worldly fortunes. The rill tinkling down its rocky declivity, or our Androscoggin roaring along precipitous decents, have alike summoned or allured laborers and capitalists to settle along their banks, where, in happy union with the flowing waters, they have created wealth, builded cities, and piled up acquisitions from every source of ingenuity and art.

And what variety of landscape is yours! If winter is rugged and severe, it is yet bracing and grand. Can a people become monotonous and sluggish in their thought who must toil betimes to shelter themselves from its power, but who are yet encouraged and warmed by the tropical heat of our midsummer weather, and are charmed by the soft temperatures of our verdant Junes and our rich and golden Octobers? Can a people indifferant to the influences of beauty discerned and left, either in the sweet repose of nature or in her sublimer glories, to whom are familar the landscap of Lakes George and Champain and the Moosehead; the valleys of the Deerfield, the Connecticut, the Housantonic; the White Mountains, piled in ragged variety of projecting rocks from fertile levels up into eternal hights of snow; the rich allurements of the Green Mountains, the delicious surprises of Berkshire, the great and sphynx-like capes, and the boundless, soundless, mysterious ocean which they strive to penetrate; whose inward ear has heard the windharp of the forests, the music of the waterfalls, the bass of the everlasting sea whose tide beats time in the ceaseless anthem of creation.

I do not intend, even in a characteristic assemblage of her own people, to laud or magnify New England. I would put far away the least temptation to exalt ourselves, or to over-estimate anything which pertains to the communities which this society represents.

The thought which overshadows and controls all others is that which suggests the character and the measure of the responsibility of New England to the whole, and to every part of that great and common country of which to-day her six Commonwealths are geographically but a fragment. Meeting together in your capacity of New England men and of New England yeomanry, the more intense, discriminating and intelligent, your filial love, the more devoted and unconditional will be the affectionate patriotism with which you must regard the National Union, that grand but menaced nationality of which these States are constituents.

From the domestic hearth-stone, from the fireside worship of home, the child ascends, led by parental hands, to the grander temple where priests and elders wave their censers and offer sacrifice. Thus may we ourselves at this more domestic altar, receive strength and inspiration which will be our encouragement and our instruction when we ascend our National Zion to unite with all the tribes of our American Isreal.

I have not failed to perceive nor to exult in the thought of the boundless possibilities of grandeur and beneficent power which pertain to the future of our America. I do not forget that when the National jurisdiction over all our States anp Territories shall resume its unquestioned sway, and our National career shall begin anew, that the accelerated increase of wealth and of population in their necessary distribution and diffusion will, year by year, constantly diminish the relative material strength of the Northeastern States.

The broad lands, the deep soils, the choice farms, the coal mines, the gold fields, the virgin forests, the oil wells, the cotton plant and the sugar cane of the West and of the South, of the Gulf and of the Pacific coast, cannot fail in their attractions. The swelling tide of immigrant populations will flow across these Atlantic barders to those alluring homes and seats of industry. Along with many better men will come the greedy adventurers, some of them ignorant, some of them sordid, unblessed by filial love or patriotic sentiment, to seize the opportunities of golden fortune. The wild chase for gain, the allurements of Nature herself, the temptation of that fevered life, which distinguishes the youth of society in fertile and fruitful states, containing within themselves, of necessity, a certain measure of social and public danger, suggest to us in advance the duty and the destiny of New England.

She is to be, in the long and trancendent future of the Republic, the conserving influence among the States. For nearly two centuries and a half already have her people kept the vestal-fire of personal and public liberty brightly burning in her little town democracies. Obedient to order, and practicing industry, as well as loving individual freedom, they have acquired at last an instinct which discriminates between license and liberty, between the passion of the hour and the solemn adjudications of law. They possess the traditions of liberty, they inherit ideas of government, they bear about in their blood and in their bone the unconscious tendencies of each, which rise almost to the dignity of recollections, and which are more emphatic and more permanent than opinions. By the right of more than seven generations, they have acquired and held in free tenure their titles and their possessions.

The dignity of the freehold, the sacredness of the family, the solemnity of religious obligation, the importance of developing the intellect by education, the rightful authority of government, the rightfulness of property fairly earned or inherited, as flowing from the inalienable self-ownership of man and the imprescriptible rights of human nature; the freedom of worship, the idea of human duty, expanded and enforced by the consciousness of an immortal nature, are alike deepiy embedded in the traditions and convictions of the immense and controlling majority of our people.

If there is aught which men deem radicalism, or they fear as dangerous speculation, in our theology or our politics, I call mankind to bear witness there is no child so humble that he may not be taught in all the learning of the schools, no citizen so poor that he may not aspire to any of the rewards of merit or honorable exertion, not one so weak as to fall below the equal protection of equal laws, nor one so lofty as to challenge their restraints; no church or bishop able to impose creed or ritual on the unconvinced conscience; no peaceful, pious worship which is unprotected by the State. Thus liberty stands, and the law supports liberty; popular education lends intelligence to law, and gives order to liberty; while religion, unfettered by human arbitration between the soul of man and throne of the Infinite, is left free to impress the individual conscience with all the sanction of its supreme behests and of its celestial teachings.

Your past history is a record of many great lives and great actions—of men, to our way of thinking now—oftentimes found narrow and even obstinate, but yet heroic and sincere; of generations worthy to bear along and hand down the precious seeds from which have sprung the ideas and institutions which give dignity and welfare to a nation.

Agriculturists, yeomen of New England, be faithful to her ideas, to her history, her institutions, and her character. Behold and adorn your Sparta! Reclaim and cultivate the untilled lands which still comprise more than two-thirds the area of the six New England States. Deepen and widen the foundations of your seminaries and schools of learning. Encourage genius as well as industry. Invite hither, and hold here, the profound thinkers, the patient students of Nature, those tireless watchers who wait upon the stars, or weigh the dust upon an insect's wing. Discard and discourse alike the prejudices of ignorance and the conceits of learning.

Remember that even to-day, there is no man so wise that he understands the law which regulates the relation of any fertilizer to any crop; that few have ever observed the mystery of that wonderful influence of the first impregnation of the dam upon the future offspring of whatever sire; that the origin and contagion of the cattle disease, pleuro-pneumonia, remain hitherto without adequate scientific exploration; that the practical farmers and men of science, all combined, understand as little the destructive potato-rot, which concerns the economy of every farm and every household, as the Aborigines who first descried the May Flower, understood of the poems of Homer or the philosophy of Aristotle.

Not undervaluing the past achievements of science, remember how infinite the extent and variety of the conquests which yet remain to her. Let me exhort you also to bear in mind, that the great discoverers of knowledge are like prophets, appearing but seldom, and on great occasions; that all genius is an intellectual century plant, and that he who would make the time great, and the people noble, must not confound the mere distribution of common-place facts, elementary or traditional knowledge, with those conquests and acquisitions which flow from patient and original explorations.

I congratulate all ingenious cultivators of the soil on the newly awakening interest in the establishment of Colleges and Professorships for the pursuit and the teaching of those branches of learning and science adapted to the promotion of Agriculture and the useful Arts. It might satisfy the devout lover of truth to rejoice in the opportunities for the diffusion of knowledge. It is even enough reward for all the pains they cost, leaving out of sight the more practical and solid advantages they will impart to the coming generations, to enjoy with Bacon the contemplation of the delights of learning, when, in the exultation of his mighty faith, he exclaims:

"It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune, which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken, and went forth on the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead; and hereupon said, 'yesterday I saw a brittle thing broken, to-day human mortality.' * * * *

'Happy the man who doth the causes know
Of all that is; serene he stands, above
All fears; above the inexorable Fate,
And that insatiate gulf that roars below.'

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind; sometimes purging the ill-humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and exulcerations thereof and the like. For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself or to call himself to account, nor the pleasure of feeling himself each day a better man than he was the day before. The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full and use them dextrously, but not much increase them; the faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not much to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows still and never whets his scythe; whereas with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof."

The uses and the influence of true learning, the power which flows from its sincere cultivation, are so great and enduring that were it a task, and not all a delight, I would not cease to urge and advocate, in this presence, the duty which is imposed on a people possessing the opportunities of our own. To all peoples, to all sections, as to each individual man, are open their separate careers. They can forfeit their places; but they can scarcely exchange them. You of New England may forget that you are of the stock that produced Jonathan Edwards, but you cannot make the cotton plant flourish in New Hampshire.

You may turn your backs in jealousy or disdain, on Bowdoin and Dartmouth, and Harvard and Brown and Yale. You may set the village sexton above Cleveland or Silliman or Agassiz. But when you have declined the sceptre of knowledge, you have not made the Merrimac or the Connecticut navigable, like the Ohio, the Missouri, the Mississippi or the Cumberland. You will win no glory by any narrow competition, nor by returning one railing word for another. Your greatness must be found hereafter where it has been found hitherto, in the highest development and cultivation of the faculties of *men*. Let thoughtless politicians propose to leave out New England in the cold, if they choose—I think the world will keep a warm place for her while Vermont leads the hemispheres in the intelligence and success of her sheep breeding, while Alvan Clark makes a telescopic object glass which is the marvel of astronomers, while the new Museum of Zoology at Cambridge exceeds in variety and extent of many important classes of specimens, the more renowned museums of London and Paris.

Of what account will be the sneers at Massachusetts of those "who hold it heresy to think," so long as one man's labor in Massachusetts is found by the census to be as productive of real wealth, as the labor of five men in South Carolina? while the annual earnings of her industry exceed the annual earnings *per capita* of any other community in the world? Schools, colleges, books, the free press, the culture of the individual everywhere, the policy of attracting, encouraging and developing all the great qualities of the head and heart—in a word, the production and diffusion of *ideas*—in these shall rest forever the secret of your strength to maintain your true position.

I implore you to unite and not divide in your policy. Whenever you can create a great school, or find a great professor, unite to strengthen the school and make sure of the man. Our system of diffusing knowledge through the local schools, our plan of distributing elementary instruction, are things of which we are sure. But your knowledge will become bigoted and mean, unless you remember that the encouragement of those higher institutions from which they are fed, and where their teachers are themselves taught, is as needful as the creation of the head of water above the dam is to the spindle's point.

I beg to exhort you, then, to put faith in Ideas, in the orderly arrangement of knowledge, in the power to search out the hidden things of nature, in the practical application of the highest and largest truth to the wants and affairs of man's daily life.

Lead off, representative farmers of New England, and let this dear, old, rocky homestead of Thought and of Liberty remain for countless ages the fountain and light of generous culture, of Science, Learning and Art. Your influence will tell then with beneficent and forever expanding power on the destiny of the nation. You will live, the true conservatives of the civil state of social life. "Exempted from the wrongs of time, and capable of perpetual renovation."

I am sure, gentlemen, that it cannot be unbecoming, nor out of place, in this assembly of representative men, whether of the industry or the dignity of the New England States, to appeal to the lofty desires of a worthy and truly aspiring ambition. You would not permit me to suggest a selfish policy. You would not be patient with a narrow or merely sectional aim.

Nor can I content myself with imagining a future which does not include the uses and the glories of that cultivation of intellectual and moral life which is the sure foundation of National immortality. I read but recently with full heart, and eyes suffuse, the glowing tribute of a modern philosophic writer, to the services rendered by ancient Greece, by cultivation of Letters and Art, to the happiness and welfare of all mankind. Let me repeat to you the language of his eulogy, and, as you listen, let every patriot heart ask of itself whether any fame can be so proud as that which recognizes the debt of nations and of ages to the culture and the intellect of a people centuries after the end of their career. More than that, when the suggestion of Marathon shall bring to mind our own struggle for National existence, inquire of history whether a nation has ever been suffered to fall and die so long as that principle was preserved and cherished in its own conscious life which was the essential principle of its beauty and its power.

"I well remember," he says, "in early boyhood being laughingly asked my opinion of the relative importance of Marathon and Waterloo, and to me, to whom everything later than Greece and Rome was at that time a cipher in historical calculation, but one answer was possible. I doubt if I should now remodel my verdict. What was the day of Marathon as an element in the history of man? Was it the brilliant struggle of some mountain tribe against the wild ravages of some ancient Zenghis or Timour? Gentlemen, it was the cause of the world which was periled that day. The destinies of ages hung tremblingly upon every blow of these gallant men of Attica. When, as the old historian tells us, the soldier, covered with the dust of that immortal field, rushed into the Athenian Assembly with his *Chairete! Chairomen!* Rejoice! We all Rejoice! and fell dead of his wounds as he gasped the words, he spoke a message to which the civilization of ages was to be the echo or the answer."

Had the despot of Western Asia been as successful as his Turkish copyist two thousand years later; had he gained his footing in Greece at that hour, and flooded with his slaves the soil in which were deposited the seeds of the world's advancement, the civilization of Europe had been adjourned for centuries. Homer and the early lightnings of the Lyric Muse would have been perhaps irrecoverably lost; no age of Pericles would have placed Athens where she is in your hearts; her borrowed light would never have taught Romans to think and feel as well as act; and the spirit would not have existed which, evoked from its sepulchre in codex and palimpsest, was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries once more incarnated in modern form, and became the vivifying principle of the literature of France, Italy, Germany and England.

Moved by the inspiration of a theme so noble, an example so illustrious; mindful of the audience before me; not disturbed by the presence of this grand display of material substances (which might seem to put away or postpone a thought belonging so much to the imagination, as well as to the reason)—I appeal to you in the very capacity in which you are associated, to encourage by the influence of your society a culture of the intellect, here in New England, which shall be Athenian, universal.

I believe that he would greatly underrate the New England mind and character, who should suspect these views and aspirations of over-shooting either the occasion or the people. I am sure that they must reach the judgment and command the sympathy of the most practical as well as the most ideal. And I am sure that we shall see the hill-sides and waste lands of New England green with vines, white with harvests, or crowded by herds and flocks—and never until then—when beauty and use, under the guidance of progressive science, tempered by careful experience, shall raise our agricultural life above the low estate of drudgery or accident, to the dignity and attraction of an art. The farmer's land will increase in value, and rural employment command the devotion of men and women, who will both borrow and lend adornment to the pursuit, when the toil of farming shall be universally relieved and ennobled by those lofty incitements which stimulate the intellect and awaken the soul.

In order to a more profound love for rural affairs and industry, men need a more profound *knowledge*—a knowledge which the mind itself will feel in the invigoration of its powers and in the awakening of its curiosity. In order to a better and more prosperous rural and farming life, we must have that life itself intrinsically richer and more free.

We know that since the Board of Agriculture was established in England under the auspices of William Pitt, in 1793, since the scientific labors of Sir Humphrey Davy in the direction of agricultural chemistry which that Board promoted, the face of England has changed as if by a charm.

Improvements in husbandry have multiplied the quantity and value of her agricultural products many fold. A hundred acres, which used to produce on an average of forty tons will now produce more than fourteen times forty tons of food for cattle and material for fertilization.

The progress made in the thrift of farming, the development of the capacity of soils, in the productiveness of labor and capital devoted to agriculture at home is manifest, even to observation as superficial as my own, and to the comparison of points of time not more than thirty years apart. But, if you compare the facts as they were seen in England, for example, where science and skill have been most assiduously invoked by the owners and cultivators of the land, with the corresponding facts of to-day, taking the last century or a century and a half as a field for comparison, and with what "miraculous organ" does the voice of science speak her vindication.

The cultivation of the best grasses, the introduction of their choice varieties, the culture and perfecting of roots and vegetables adapted to the use of domestic animals, may be said to have recreated the island. The ox, the horse, the sheep, are scarcely the same animals they were in the time of William and Mary, when the average weight in gross of the neat cattle sold in Smithfield market, did not exceed 370 pounds each, and of sheep did not ex

through the agency of its Board of Agriculture and of its fostering legislation to kindred associations and to the great interests of husbandry, I accept it as an earnest of constant and loyal goodwill, which I trust may continue forever between the Government and the cultivators of that art which is the parent of every other. I congratulate you, Mr. President, and your worthy associates, on the triumphant success which has attended the inauguration of your institution.

It is a success won by your fidelity and intelligent zeal. I trust I may not seem to pass the boundaries of my place on this platform, if in these words of valediction I assume to speak your acknowledgements, as well as those of the people of Massachusetts, for the illustration and interest imparted to this occasion, and for the honor it enjoys in the presence and co-operation of those who represent our sister States. May the golden charm become brighter and strengthened which binds these our sister Commonwealths in the accord of affectionate unity. May a like intelligence, freedom and happiness visit the homes and possess the hearts of the whole people of every section and every community, so that every home shall exult, ere long, in the sheltering and victorious power of a government whose symbol shall be the flag of our fathers, the secret of whose strength shall be found in a central and intelligent Union, on the foundation of impartial liberty, ar that common inheritance of human nature.

In behalf of such a Union and such a Government, a People like those of New England will continue in the future as they have done in the past, by the methods of Peace and in the shock of arms, to struggle against every foe, unconscious of dismay and despising temptation. For the preservation of our nationality they have, like their brethren in other sections, accepted the sad appeal to arms. For the sake of maintaining government and order and public liberty, the loyal men of the Union have not shunned the arbitrament of war. Lovers of peace and haters of discord, we of New England are slow to draw the blade, but we are slower still to yield to the infamy which must blast a common cause, or to that infirmity of purpose which grows tired of a grand and momentous duty because it tasks our manhood or our faith.

To protect the printing press, the plow, the anchor, the loom, the cradle, the fireside and the altar, the rights of labor, the earnings of industry, the security of peace and home, if it must be, we can wield the sword, nor return it hastily to its wonted scabbord. For the brand of War becomes then the sacred emblem of every duty and every Hope.

"The sword!—a name of dread, yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,
How sacred is it then!
Whenever for the Truth and Right
It flashes in the van of fight—
Whether in some wild mountain-pass
As that where fell Leonidas—
Or on some sterile plain, and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn,
Or, 'mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills—
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide—
Still, still, whene'er the battle-word
Is Liberty, when men do stand
For justice and their native land,
Then Heaven bless the sword!"

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1864.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

As our readers are aware, the price of paper has enormously advanced within the past year, rendering it impossible for newspaper publishers to continue their business at the present rates of publication. Paper for which at the commencement of the war we were paying nine and one half cents per pound, is now sold at thirty-three cents, an advance of 350 per cent. All other material used in the business of printing has advanced in a nearly corresponding ratio. The additional cost of the paper alone upon which the *Farmer* is now printed is eight thousand dollars per annum. This is a burden which no paper, however large its subscription list or presperous its business, can sustain. Under these circumstances we are compelled, though with great reluctance, to resort to the only alternative left us, in common with all other newspaper publishers throughout the country—viz: an increase of our subscription rates.

Notice is therefore given that on and after October 1st, 1864, *the price for the* MAINE FARMER *will be* $2.50 *per annum in advance*, or $3.00 if not paid within six months of the date of subscription. These terms, rigidly adhered to, will barely enable us to continue the publication of the *Farmer*, under the present era of high prices. We shall continue to receive new subscriptions and advance payments at the old rates until the 1st of October. Those who have already paid in advance will, of course, be furnished with the paper for the time for which they have paid, without additional charge, and all past indebtedness for the paper will be settled according to the former rates.

Notice.

Mr. V. DARLING, is now engaged in canvassing and collecting for the Maine *Farmer* in the county of Penobscot.

The War News of the Week.

No military operations of importance have transpired during the past week. Gen. Grant continues to hold his position on the Weldon Railroad with unyielding pertinacity, and is patiently awaiting the filling up of his army to enable him to resume active offensive movements. Meanwhile the rebel forces in Petersburg and Richmond, grown restive under the severe pressure upon their principal artery of supply, have made repeated demonstrations on our lines, but with almost uniform discouraging results. In their semi-starving condition, however, they have succeeded in accomplishing one object of considerable importance to them and no small vexation and inconvenience to us. On Friday night last, a large rebel cavalry force made the circuit of our left flank, and falling unawares upon the reserve cattle herd of our army, insufficiently guarded, succeeded in carrying off the entire number, about 2500 head. Pursuit was immediately made by our cavalry, but little hope is entertained of recovering the booty from the enemy. The capture of the cattle will prove a godsend to the rebel army, which have been living on scanty rations of meat for a long time.

The situation in the Shenandoah valley has not materially changed since our last. There are some indications of an attempt by Early to cross the Potomac for another demonstration into Maryland, which Sheridan however, will have no difficulty in checkmating. Quite a brilliant incident occurred near Winchester on Tuesday last. A reconnoissance of the enemy's position being made by two brigades of our cavalry, they came in contact with a rebel division of infantry, charged gallantly and captured bodily the 8th South Carolina regiment, with 16 officers and 145 men, its battle flag and the commanding officer of the brigade, with a loss of four men killed and wounded.

The rebel ranks are constantly being weakened by desertions into our lines. Over three thousand deserters from Lee's army have arrived at Washington. His army is being recruited by old men sixty years of age, and boys of sixteen, who are forced into the ranks. A gentleman who left Richmond on the 5th inst., says the entire confederate force now in the field, including guerillas, does not exceed two hundred thousand men, and Lee has under his command about seventy-five thousand of that number. He says the army is too feeble to attack Grant, or to hold together much longer.

Under orders of the Government, the draft was commenced on Monday in those States which have not filled their quotas by volunteering, and will go on until completed. The necessity for the enforcement of the draft is regarded by Generals Grant and Sherman as important. Gen. Grant says prompt action in filling up our armies will have more effect on the enemy than a victory over them. The Southern leaders profess to believe, and make their men believe that a draft cannot be enforced by the Government. The success of the measure throughout the loyal States, and the strengthening of our armies thereby, will convince the rebels that they have nothing to hope from their Northern peace sympathisers, and will do more to bring the war to a close than a dozen victories in the field.

Rye Straw for Paper.

What shall paper be made of, is a question that either directly or indirectly concerns everybody. Anything that will supply the lack of cotton rags and have a tendency to reduce the cost of paper, should receive particular attention at the present. A gentleman in New York engaged in publishing a paper, on reading the article in the *Farmer* a short time ago, on "Hints to Paper Makers," informed us that from experiments now going on in that State, and from his experience with the paper, he has come to the conclusion that rye straw will be found to furnish an excellent substitute for rags. That it is both flexible and sufficiently tough, that is, not so brittle as many of the substitutes now used—and that, in his opinion, if it were not for the greater amount of chemicals and mechanical operations required over and above what rags require, to reduce it to a pulp, it would be *the very thing* required.

The first cost of the straw, being less than that of rags, would counterbalance the other cost in part. Perhaps further research may find that chemicals of a cheaper character will do as well as those now in use. We wish our old friend Capt. Rouse, would try his hand at getting up a cheap bleaching process. We recollect that he, several years ago, showed us some samples of pulp that he had bleached to a beautiful clear whiteness by, as he said, a very simple and cheap process—but, as paper then was almost a drug at *nine* cents a pound, we did not take much interest in the practical part of it, looking upon it only as an interesting chemical fact. Wake up Captain—if you have got a better way than has been used hitherto for purifying the stained and soiled things of this world to pearly whiteness, out with it—don't keep your candle under a bushel any longer. Try it on rye straw, or any other straw, and report the result. If you can reduce the cost of bleaching to but one cent on a pound from what it now is, it will be quite an achievement, and will bring you a paper crown of glory, and money in your pocket to induce the "*flats*" of the golden calf order to do homage to it. If it should prove that rye straw is preferable to the many materials now undergoing trial for making good paper, a great desideratum will have been gained. Make this known as an indisputable fact, and also that there will be a surely remunerating cash market for the straw, and an unlimited amount would soon be produced. It can be raised almost any where, on good land and poor land, on plowed land or burnt land, on high land or low land, on north land or south land, indeed all over the length and breadth of the continent.

If strippings of wood and rye straw can be successfully and profitably used for paper stock, Maine can supply a pretty large share of the raw material to supply the world with all the paper that is called for.

THE UNION MEN OF TEXAS. Letters from naval officers state that a number of refugees have recently come off to our fleet from Galveston and Sabine Pass. They bring piteous accounts of the prosecutions and trials of the Union citizens of Texas. The Union men of Texas are virtually slaves. Every precaution is used to prevent their escaping to the protecting folds of the Federal flag. All the boats on the coast have been seized, and a rigid guard is kept to prevent any one from obtaining any means of transportation. There are hundreds all along our coast who are thus prevented from fleeing to our protection. Some have made boats with the means they could command, in their own houses, with darkened windows and closed doors—laboring only in the still hours of the night. One man came off not long ago in a small canoe that he had hollowed out of the trunk of a tree. Our prisoners in Texas are treated tolerably well, as far as I can learn—much better than the occupants of Libby Prison, if the terrible reports are even half true. There is a great scarcity of medicines, however, and our wounded prisoners here suffered thereby. Quinine is $500 an ounce, and very little to be obtained at that price. Our naval surgeon who was captured was obliged to dig roots and collect herbs of various kinds for his wounded fellow prisoners. Not long ago the rebels at Calcasien were in such straits that they sent off by flag of truce for chloroform to perform a single amputation. It is to be hoped that measures will soon be taken to exchange prisoners in this department, and thus release our suffering soldiers and seamen.

THE TERRITORY OF IDAHO. The population of this territory has been largely swelled by emigration from Maine. A letter from Virginia City, July 26, an extract from which is published in the Boston *Journal*, represents that emigrants were arriving in one unbroken line. Four hundred wagons arrived in one day from the States by a new route, abounding in water, grass and wood, and four hundred miles shorter than the South Pass route. It was discovered by the noted mountaineer, Bridger, who piloted the party. There are more men in the territory than can obtain employment, as the gold claims are all taken up, and the emigrants are obliged to push on to other localities or return to the States. The letter says:

"Notwithstanding the vast amount of emigration to this place, there are many leaving every day; some for the West, and some back to the States, and many for the Kootenay mines, five hundred miles north, in the British dominions. One hundred wagons leave next week for the States, by way of the Bridger cut-off. The time is close at hand, as believed by many, when the greatest stampede ever witnessed from a gold region will commence that will compete in some respects with the panic stricken armies of modern times.

The head waters of the Missouri—the Jefferson, the Madison and the Gallatin—three main forks, are rapidly filling up along their fertile valleys with the overplus of emigration, and many farms will be opened next season. Wheat and vegetables will be raised in abundance there this season by the few farms that were opened this spring. Even though hundreds should escape in safety from here ere the stormy blasts of winter commence, yet hundreds will suffer who are now without money, and without a chance of employment. Wages continue unchanged—from $6 to $9 and $12 per day; those receiving the highest wages are drifters, who work under the ground. Old hands cling with pertinacity to their places, and claim-holders prefer them to new ones, and the 'Pilgrims' as they are called, walk up and down the Gulch, asking work and find it not. To secure a claim here requires a heavy purse. This Gulch is very rich, nearly all claims paying well, and some over $1000 per day.

AMERICAN THOROUGHBREDS. At one of the meetings for discussion held by the members of the New England Agricultural Society, during the late Fair in Springfield, Mr. T. S. Lang of North Vassalboro, remarked that "we have established a "thoroughbred" stock of horses here, which should be known and perpetuated, because it is the best breed in the world, and that we should discard all others, and particularly the English thoroughbred, because theirs is a racing stock and ours is a trotting one. He said that he had had twenty years experience in breeding, and although the first five were lost by mistakes, he thought the other fifteen had been sufficient to settle all the laws of breed to his satisfaction, and he wanted no better breed than this one of New England."

THE MAINE ELECTION. Returns have been received from three hundred and sixty-one towns, showing the following vote for Governor: Cony, 54,868; Howard, 39,706. Majority for the Union candidate, 15,162. Last year in the same towns, the vote stood for Cony, 59,923; Bradbury, 44,697—Union majority, 17,226. The aggregate vote in these towns in 1863, was 104,620; this year, 94,574—a falling off of 10,046. The following is the vote for 1863 and 1864, arranged by counties:

	1863.		1864.	
Androscoggin,	3845	2351	3543	2068
Aroostook,	1373	1027	1279	1054
Cumberland,	7658	6693	7436	6059
Franklin,	2249	1722	1884	1337
Hancock,	2988	2020	2624	1770
Kennebec,	6387	3233	5599	2901
Knox,	2178	2502	2244	2145
Lincoln,	1196	1533	1145	1420
Oxford,	4258	3414	4092	3240
Penobscot,	6806	3633	6175	3296
Piscataquis,	1662	923	1433	886
Sagadahoc,	2402	1084	2172	1048
Somerset,	2690	1782	2434	1706
Waldo,	4050	2930	3628	2659
Washington,	3408	3432	3275	2900
York,	6173	5818	5904	5222
361 towns,	59,923	44,097	54,868	39,706

The five Union candidates for Congress are elected by decisive majorities, as follows: 1st District, John Lynch; 2d District, Sidney Perham; 3d District, Jas. G. Blaine; 4th District, John H. Rice; 5th District, F. A. Pike.

The Union candidates for Senators and county officers, are reported elected in every county. Returns have been received from 122 Representative Districts, showing the election of 100 Union men and 22 democrats.

The vote on the amendment of the Constitution allowing soldiers to vote, foots up only about half as large as the Gubernatorial vote. As far as heard from, it stands as follows: Androscoggin, yes 3010, no 75; Cumberland, yes 7289, no 1342; Franklin, yes, 1509, no 250; Hancock, yes 794, no 76; Kennebec, yes 6143, no 333; Knox, yes 507, no 271; Lincoln, yes 1532, no 588; Oxford, yes 3106, no 750; Penobscot, yes 5897, no 1479; Piscataquis, yes 969, no 593; Sagadahoc, yes 2087, no 70; Somerset, yes 3039, no 799; York, yes 4095, no 2491. Total vote as far as reported, 44,870 for, and 10,546 against amendment.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE DRAFT. Pursuant to orders from the Provost Marshal General, the draft to fill the quotas of the several Districts of the State was commenced on Monday, and will be proceeded with from day to day until the full number called for is obtained. It is understood that the draft is to be first enforced in those towns which have done the least towards filling their quotas, and the towns charged with deficiencies under former calls will be obliged to fill those deficiencies by draft in addition to the number called for under the call of July 18th. All surpluses under former calls, and all enlistments up to the time of the draft will be credited upon the quotas of towns. In the instructions given by the Provost Marshal General to the District Provost Marshals, we find the following important provision:

"If the quotas of any sub-district shall be entirely filled by volunteers after the draft, but before the drafted men are sent to the general rendezvous, then the persons drafted will be excused."

The operation of this provision will practically be to make every drafted man a volunteer, and entitled to him the State and Government bounties. The instructions also provide that qualified substitutes may be furnished by drafted men up to the time they are to be forwarded from the general rendezvous, and also that civil authorities may furnish qualified substitutes for drafted men up to the same period, and designate the persons for whom the substitution is made. Every thing seems to have been provided by the authorities to mitigate the hardships of the draft, as much as possible, consistent with its practical efficiency and success.

The drafting in this city for the deficiencies in the quotas of the 3d Congressional District commenced on Monday afternoon with the towns of St. George and Waldoboro, in Lincoln county. Double the number called for in each town is drawn from the wheel, to make up for deficiencies by reason of exemptions from physical and other causes. For St. George 156 names were drawn, for Waldoboro 124. To-day, (Tuesday) the drawing was resumed for towns in Somerset county and up to the time of going to press has proceeded as follows: Canaan 50; Clinton 60; New Portland 50; Pittsfield 64.

THE WILLIAMS FRATERNITY. At the annual election of officers of the Williams Fraternity, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Samuel Cony.
1*st Vice President*—R. D. Rice; 2d, J. G. Blaine; 3d, Samuel Titcomb.
Recording Sec'y—Edward Stanwood.
Corresponding Sec'y—Charles H. True.
Treasurer—H. S. Osgood.
Executive Com.—C. H. Mulliken, Thos. Lambard, John W. Chase, J. W. Bradbury, Jr., J. H. Manley.
Com. on Library—Jos. H. Williams, I. A. Stanwood, E. R. Emerson.
Com. on Newspapers and Periodicals—Jos. A. Homan, Edward Stanwood, Daniel T. Pike, W. S. Badger, Jas. B. Bell.
Com. on Lectures—Jos. M. Meserve, Wm. R. Smith, Chas. H. True, Chas. F. Potter, H. W. True.
Com. on Donations and Subscriptions—O. C. Whitehouse, J. H. Wheeler, T. B. Perkins.

A GRAND EXCURSION. The Portland & Kennebec Railroad Company have made arrangements to have a grand excursion over the entire line of the road, from Skowhegan to Portland, giving an opportunity to stopat intermediate places, and return, on Thursday of this week, Sept. 22d. The train will leave Skowhegan at 6 A. M. and this city at 8 o'clock A. M. Arriving in Portland at 10,50. Returning, will leave Porltand at 4,30 and here at 6,50. Fare from this city, Hallowell and Gardiner and return, $1.50. We are assured that ample accommodations will be provided and a very favorable opportunity is offered to all who wish to visit the "Natural Seaport." Of course, everybody will go.

"GEN. KNOX." We learn from the Waterville *Mail* that this distinguished horse, who now stands at the head of the trotting class of American horses, and whose praises were so elegantly spoken by Prof. Agassiz in his speech at the dinner of the N. E. Agricultural Society—will trot at Waterville on Wednesday of this week, the benefits of the trot to be given to the North Ken. Ag'l. Society. The object is a good one, and it will be worth a quarter to any one and a dollar to many to see "Knox" on the course.

☞ Winthrop Hall has been neatly and commodiously fitted up during the summer by its enterprising proprietor, Ai Staples, Esq., and adapted to theatrical and operatic performances. An excellent dramatic company, under the management of Mr. S. E. Brown, already favorably known to our theatre-goers, will commence a brief season on Wednesday evening of the present week. We hope the enterprise will be liberally patronized.

☞ The furlough of the 15th Maine, re-enlisted veterans, having expired, the regiment will leave this city on Friday next, being attached to the 19th the Corps, now with Sheridan in Shenandoah valley. A large number of recruits have joined the regiment during its visit to Maine, and will accompany it to the field. Col. Isaac Dyer is in command.

☞ It is estimated that at least one-third of the slave element of the South has now been converted into the Federal service, military and civil, and that this element now constitutes nearly one-third of the Federal force employed, directly and indirectly in the suppression of the rebellion.

Editor's Table.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-'64; Its Causes, Incidents, and Results, intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the close of the War for the Union. By Horace Greeley. Illustrated by Portraits, Maps, Diagrams of Battle-fields, &c. Vol. I. Hartford: Published by O. D. Case & Co. 1864.

This long-expected volume has at length made its appearance. We have already, in several instances, given our readers extended statements of the general scope and character of the work, as previously announced in the propectus by the distinguished author, and which we should judge, from the cursory examination we have given it, he has carried out with eminent conscientiousness and ability. In his preliminary remarks, Mr. Greeley disclaims for the work any pretensions to the character of a history, in which posterity should contemplate the momentous struggle whereof this country has recently been and still is the arena. He has simply aimed to do only what was possible by a cotemporaneous writer, "to arrange the material facts, and so to embody the more essential documents, or parts of documents, illustrating those facts, that the attentive, intelligent reader may learn from this work not only what were the leading incidents of our civil war, but its causes, incitements, and the inevitable sequence, whereby ideas were found to be the germ of events." In this volume the narrative is brought down to a period soon after the assumption of the supreme military command by Gen. McClellan, and the battles of Ball's Bluff and Drainsville. The second volume, which is intended to complete the work, will not, of course, appear till after the close of the contest, and will embody all the facts necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the consequences, as the present volume is devoted chiefly to the consideration of the causes, of the great rebellion.

The volume contains 648 pages, large octavo, handsomely printed on good paper, and is elegantly and substantially bound. It is sold in embossed cloth covers for $4.50; embossed leather, $5; plain leather, $5; extra fine edition, $7.50—the advance in the cost of paper and labor since the announcement in November last, having compelled the publishers to increase the price.

The demand for the "American Conflict" may be judged from the fact stated by the publishers, that the subscription list of the work already numbers 50,000, while less than one-fourth of the free States has been canvassed—a success unparalleled in the history of book-making in this or any other country.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LONDON DETECTIVE. By "Waters," author of "The Diary of a Detective Police Officer," etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is the title of an entertaining volume, purporting to be a narrative of remarkable cases in the London criminal calendar, wrought in the form of an autobiography, and probably receiving some embellishment in the process at the hands of the author. The book will no doubt, obtain a large circulation and sale. Price 50 cts.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August. The contents are as follows: Tony Butler—Part XI.; Lewes's Aristotle; Victor Hugo on Shakespeare; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General—Part VII.; Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate—Part XIV; The Public Schools Report—II; Harrow and Rugby; Art; Giuletta; The Vote of Censure. Republished by Leonard Scott & Co., 38 Walker street, New York.

☞ A pretty steel engraving entitled "Peep," a double page fashion plate, several wood engravings, a piece of new music, together with sketches, poems, stories, &c., make up an attractive number of "The Lady's Friend" for October. Single numbers are sold for twenty cents, yearly subscriptions $2. Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia.

☞ Choice reading with engravings to match are found in each monthly issue of Arthur's HOME MAGAZINE, the number of which for October has just reached our table. It is published at $2,00 per annum, a marvel of cheapness, with paper at 33 cents per lb. Address T. S. Arthur &Co. 323 Walnut St. Philadelphia.

MAINE OFFICERS IN PRISON IN SAVANNAH. Mr. Daniel Gordon of Phillips, has received a letter from his son, Lieut. Chas. O. Gordon, of the 1st Maine Cavalry, dated Confederate State Prison, Savannah, Ga., Aug. 25, 1864. Lt. G. was captured on the 24th of June last, with Capt. Carson of the same regiment, and after remaining in the Libby Prison one week, was taken to Macon, Ga. and thence to Savannah. The letter contains the names of the following officers of Maine regiments now held as prisoners at the same place: Capts. Vaughan and Carson, Lieuts. Gordon and Johnson, 1st Maine Cavalry; Capt. L. C. Bisbee, Lts. G. A. Deering, J. U. Child, G. D. Bisbee, M. C. Wadsworth, 16th Maine; Capt. S. F. Pillsbury, Lts. J. H. Stevens, G. A. Chandler, 5th Maine; Capt. Benson, 1st D. C. Cavalry; Lt. Coffin, 31st Maine; Capt. Burpee, 19th Maine, Lts. Whidden and Bixby, 9th Maine; Capt. Mudgett, 11th Maine; Lt. Larrabee, 7th Maine; Capt. A. R. Miller, 8th Maine. They are all in good spirits, expecting to be exchanged soon.

☞ The 1st Co. unassigned Infantry mostly recruited in the western part of the State during the past few weeks, and numbering 100 men, were mustered into the service on Monday last, and left this city this (Tuesday morning) by the 5½ o'clock train, orders having been received from the War Department, attaching the Company to the 29th Maine, now with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. The officers of the Company are as follows: Capt. E. S. Butler, Lewiston; 1st Lieut. F. S. Lander, Auburn; 2d Lieut. C. W. Gerrish, Lisbon.

The 2d Co. Unassigned Infantry, numbering 97 men, now at Camp Coburn, was mustered in to-day at ten o'clock. It will probably leave tomorrow morning to be attached to the 9th Me. The following are the officers: Capt. Chas. T. Hildreth, Gardiner; 1st Lieut. Newman Smyth, Brunswick; 2d Lieut. not appointed.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY. A correspondent of the Bangor *Whig* writing from the 1st Me. Heavy Artillery, in the trenches before Petersburg reports the death of private Emery Hatch, Co. D, of Vieazie, from a wound in the head received on the 11th inst., while eating his breakfast in his tent. On the same day Corp. Frank R. Leach, Co. D, of Robbinston, lost his arm by amputation, having received a shot while on picket duty. 1st Lt. Geo. Rollins, Co. D, has been discharged from the service for physical disability. Lt. Col. Talbot has resigned on account of physical disability, and it is thought that Maj. Shepard will succeed to the Colonelcy of the regiment. The writer says, "very few of the wounded at Spottsylvania, May 10th, are returning to the regiment. Many are sickening this month, and going to hospital. We have about 200 men for duty."

CANADIAN CONFEDERATION. A conference of delegates from the several provinces of British America met at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, on the 1st of September. Their proceedings are not officially known, but it is understood that the Convention was unanimous in acknowledging the great advantages to be expected from a confederation of all the Provinces, and that they adjourned to meet on the 14th inst. at Halifax, there to agree upon a definite plan to be submitted to the several Parliaments for action and endorsement.

☞ The State elections next to be held are those of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, on the 11th of October next.

Communications.

Letter from the Front.

HEADQUARTERS, 3D BRIG. 1ST DIVISION, 10th Army Corps, Before Petersburg, Va., Sept. 15th, 1864.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The seige of Petersburg still continues with good effect. Our forces are busily engaged in erecting batteries that will overlook the city when finished; large guns are being mounted in every fort, magazines constructed and filled with ammunition.

The enemy have been engaged during the past two weeks in running a sap from the Burnside mine in the direction of our batteries. Their intention has not yet been ascertained, but I should judge from the great activity of their fatigue party there engaged, they intend to blow up one or more of our batteries. Our entire works are only about forty yards from the enemy's batteries and the ground held by the pickets. On the left of our lines, the firing on both sides has been suspended and a friendly feeling exists between the opposing forces.

The new railroad constructed between City Point and the Weldon Railroad is in complete running order. The train passing the camps of this army so often, reminds the soldiers of home. The rebels were greatly surprised when the train first made its appearance, hundreds mounted their parapets to witness the approaching locomotive. The next day after the completion of the track the rebels opened a battery upon the cars whenever they made their appearance, but inflicted no damage, it being too long a range for their guns.

Twice the enemy have shelled our camps, since we occupied this position; several men were wounded, one mortally.

Large reinforcements still continue to come in from the north, and passing down toward the Weldon road. A great battle is expected to take place at that point, which we hope will terminate the rebellion.

Gen. Grant is actively engaged in laying his plans for the capture of Richmond, his eye is constantly upon the enemy. The army is in the best of spirits and determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all winter.

The weather is gay.

The following casualties have occurred since my last letter: Corporals Samuel Fry, Co. A, arm, slight; Lewis H. Wing, Co. F, head, mortal; Thomas D. Tainter, Co. A. killed.

Respectfully Yours,
HORACE A. MANLEY clerk H'dq'rs 3d Brig.

For the Maine Farmer.

How Quotas are Apportioned.

The first call for three years men was based upon the census returns, as was the next call—that for nine month's men. The call, under the Conscription Act, was based upon the enrolment of men between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. The enrolment was made by officers appointed by the United States Government, one for each representative district; and to the imperfections, inaccuracies, and palpable blunders, the unequal quotas of the several towns, are attributable. As the July call of 1862, better known as the "Conscription," was supposed to be the *last* call, towns concluded to submit, *to let it slide*. But when the quotas, under the October call, apportioned from that same erroneous enrolment, were assigned, an almost universal demand was made to have the enrolment lists revised and corrected, which was refused, and the apportionments for October, February, and March, were based upon the old enrolment with all its blunders as made in May or June of 1862. When the March call was promulgated, municipal authorities were assured that in the event of *another* call, new enrolments would be ordered, and errors corrected. Another call came, and with it an order for a new enrolment. Two years having elapsed between the first and second enrolment, very many persons had changed their places of residence, others deceased, others crippled for life or in other ways physically disabled. Enrolling officers were directed if names of persons upon the first enrolment list became subject to any of the above contingencies, to return the name of such person upon the second list with a statement of the fact, the inference being, a common sense construction supposing, and fair dealing demanding that the name of such person be erased from the enrolment. Erasures were not made excepting in cases of death. The corrections of enrolling officers, as far as fictitious or spurious names, or change of residences were concerned, were disregarded, and virtually, the present quotas are based upon the *old* enrolment, with all its errors and falsifications. But notwithstanding the gross injustice thus "meted out," many of the towns, unwilling to submit to a draft, with a zeal surprising as well as commendable, took hold of the work of filling their quotas by voluntary enlistments. For instance, the town of S——, whose indebtedness for soldiers' bounties exceeds eight per cent. of their valuation, raised by subscription the sum of $250 per man, and filled its quota Aug. 27th. Aug. 28th an order was received say: "municipal authorities can appear at the Provost Marshal's office to correct their enrolments and receive a corresponding reduction of their quotas." Truly a "looking of the safe after the money had been stolen." Those towns which have refused to fill their quotas are thus rewarded. If a correction was to be allowed at all, why was it refused until many towns had spent time and money to fill up? What inducement is there for such towns in the future? Out upon such gross inconsistencies. W.

ANOTHER ROW AT EASTPORT. The Ellsworth *American* gives an account of a fight which occurred at Eastport on Thursday of last week, between a band of roughs from Whiting, and a party of returned soldiers, and two sailors belonging to a British ship. They came prepared for a row and made an assault on the soldiers and sailors, who were unarmed. Three soldiers and two sailors were dangerously wounded. The names of the soldiers are —— Kenney, lately discharged from a Massachusetts regiment, H. Mangum, and —— Mooney, belonging to the 6th Maine, home on furlough. They are not expected to recover. The sailors are also in a precarious situation. Three of the scoundrels were arrested and are now in jail at Eastport. The others escaped in boats to Lubec.

RECRUITING. It is stated that New York and Pennsylvania are showing great alacrity in furnishing men under the President's last call for troops. Ohio had furnished about six thousand previous to the first of September, Indiana but eight hundred, and Illinois reports but six hundred. Western States are doing better within the last ten days than previously. It is well known that most of them were considerably in excess of former calls. Reports of mustering officers show that seven thousand seven hundred were mustered into the army on Wednesday, and the aggregate for the last ten days is thirty thousand. Officers concur in reporting that the men furnished under this call are generally of a better class than many of those under former calls.

THE CASE OF MR. W. H. SIMPSON. The case of Mr. Simpson, editor of the Belfast *Journal*, came up in the U. S. District Court on Wednesday, 7th inst., before Judge Ware. Mr. McCrillis, counsel for Mr. Simpson, moved to quash the indictment on the ground that no crime or offence in law is set forth in the indictment. The motion was opposed by District Attorney Talbot. The aguments on both sides are said to have been marked with great ability. The decision of Judge Ware upon the motion has not been made public.

☞ The new thirty-one millions government loan, has been taken at an average of four per cent. Bids were offered to the amount of seventy-three millions of dollars. This is a most gratifying evidence of the confidence of the moneyed men of the country in the stability of the Government and the power it is able to wield for the ultimate extinction of the rebellion and the restoration of the Union.

☞ The Waterville *Mail* states that Mr. T. S. Lang purchased a bull calf and a heifer calf at the Springfield Fair, for which he paid $1,000. They are out of choice Dutch stock, imported by W. W. Chenery, of Belmont, a gentleman well known for his enterprise in this direction. The animals are pure black and white, and attracted much attention.

☞ The late Fair of the New England Agricultural Society at Springfield, was very successful in a pecuniary point of view. The receipts amounted to $16,000; the premiums and gratuities to $5,600, and the expenses were $5,500—an outlay of $11,100—leaving a surplus of $4,900.

HOW ATLANTA WAS EVACUATED AND SURRENDERED. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* with Gen. Sherman's army, thus describes the manner in which Atlanta was evacuated by Hood's army and surrendered to Gen. Sherman:

"On the night of the 1st of September Atlanta witnessed one of the most terrific explosions and conflagrations ever seen in the history of war.

Eighty odd cars, nearly half of which were loaded with fixed ammunition, were set on fire, standing upon the track of the Augusta Railroad, not a mile from the heart of the city. The flames lit up the heavens, throwing its lurid light far over the city and surrounding country. The detonation of the bursting shells shook the city to its foundations, and filled the air continually for the space of several hours with fragments and the debris of the general wreck. The explosions were heard twenty-five miles from the city. Visiting this spot, I saw the naked trucks and axels of cars for near a half mile in extent, the ground for a long distance on both sides of the track covered over with the evidence of the terrible agent which had been at work. A large locomotive had been thrown off the track at one end by the explosions. Three locomotives are said to have been captured in running order. Four field guns were lying near the track in one place, and four 33-pounders in another place. The latter had but recently been brought up for siege guns. A considerable number of guns which the rebels could not take away in their hurried flight from the city were buried, and headboards with lying epitaphs placed above them to personate graves of old soldiers. Gen. Sherman states the number of guns captured as 27; and seven locomotives. The number of prisoners taken, according to the same authority, is nearly three thousand, during the series of engagements which preceded the fall of Atlanta.

Jas. M. Calhoun, the Mayor of Atlanta that was, gave me the following particulars touching the occupation of the city by our forces.

Gen. Hood remained in the city with the Georgia militia and a part of Lee's Corps. Hardee's and Stewart's had been sent to meet Sherman at Jonesboro'. Upon the receipt of intelligence that Hardee had met with a defeat, the militia and regular troops left in the city moved rapidly out to reenforce Hardee. They took the McDonough road leading parallel to the Macon Railroad. The only troops then left, were two brigades of Col. Ferguson's Cavalry. He had been ordered to fight the Yankees through the streets of Atlanta, and dispute the entry of the troops. For this purpose Ferguson formed his troops across Marietta street, where the Mayor found him at 11 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 2d. Mr Calhoun requested Ferguson to withdraw and have no fighting in the city. Ferguson agreed and immediately withdrew on the McDonough road. Meantime the Mayor proceeded out on the Marietta road to a point beyond the breastworks of the Union army. He first met Capt. Scott, attached to Col. Colburne's Brigade, and approached him with a white flag. Stating his business, Col. Colburne came forward, and the Mayor said to him:

Sir—The fortunes of war have placed Atlanta in your hands. As Mayor of the city I come to ask protection for non-combatants and private property.

Col. Colburne assured the Mayor that the inhabitants and property would be protected. The whole party subsequently proceeded to the Court House, where the Mayor's statement and request were reduced to writing, signed and witnessed by officers present. It was addressed to "Brig. Gen. Ward, commanding 3d Division, 20th Army Corps.

Col. Colburne, while entering the city with an escort of some forty or fifty men, the Mayor leading the way, heard firing up the street. He had previously assured Coburne that all troops had been removed, and felt annoyed by the firing. Upon inquiry the Mayor learned that some of Ferguson's men, who had been on a spree the night before, and had not got entirely sober, had fired several times at our men. He ordered them away, and Col. Colburne's men made a dash at them and cleared the city of the last vestige of rebel troops. Shortly afterward General Slocum, commanding the 20th corps, with his staff, entered the city with a portion of his troops, and took formal possession of the city. Mr. Calhoune states that the population of Atlanta shortly previous to the approach of the Union army was about sixteen thousand, one-half of whom were refugees. These all left for the South during the last two or three weeks of the siege, with the exception of about two or three thousand, mostly women and children. These all seem to have an indefinable notion that they are to remain and be fed by generous Uncle Sam. Perhaps it would be well if some portion of them could enjoy this privilege, as there are unmistakeably several Union families in Atlanta, who have kept their integrity through the terrible ordeal of treason, but this cannot be permitted.

The necessities of the service require—so thinks Gen. Sherman—that all families whose male representatives are in the rebel service or have gone South, shall also go South. Also, all citizens not connected with the army, and who shall not have a permit from himself or Gen. Thomas, shall go North at once. This is like the law of the Medes and Persians—irrevocable and absolute. All persons failing to comply with the order, will be imprisoned. He says he intends to have one strictly military post. He has seen the folly of Nashville, Chattanooga and other cities, where a floating population was left behind to consume the substance of the army and give information to the enemy. No person, upon any pretext, will be allowed to go nearer the city of the great Tycoons than Chattanooga. Let every one take heed accordingly.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS. The following commissions have been issued during the past week from the office of the Adjutant General:

First Regiment Mounted Artillery—6th Battery.—Major James A Hall of Damariscotta, Lt Colonel, vice McGilvery, Promoted. First Sergt John M Freeman, of Bethel, 2d Lieut 4th Battery, vice Haynes promoted.

First Company of Unassigned Infantry.—Edward S Butler, of Lewiston, Captain. Freedom H Landers, of Auburn, First Lieut. Chas W Gerrish, of Lisbon, Second Lieutenant.

Thirty-first Regiment of Infantry.—First Sergt E A Sprague, Co G of Rockland 1st Lieut Co C, vice Tibbetts, deceased.

First Sergt Benj F Barrows,

The Record of the War.

From the Army of the Potomac---Gen. Hancock's Last Achievment---Dutch Gap Signal Station Shelled.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13. The *World's* despatch says of Gen Hancock's movement on Friday night last, when a rebel picket line with intrenchments was carried, that our line in front was rather irregular, and it was determined to straighten it up by taking that held by the rebels. The coveted position lay at the foot of a hill, on the crest of which is a strong rebel fort, making the attack one of great hazard; besides, it was of value to the enemy, inasmuch as it afforded him a survey of a goodly stretch of our works toward either flank.

At 1 A. M. the 90th Pennsylvania, 20th Indiana and U. S. Sharpshooters, all under Gen. De Trobiand, started noiselessly from their positions, and, with bayonets fixed, moved quickly toward the rebel position. The rebels were asleep, and our troops were into their rifle pits ere they knew it. In the confusion that ensued two or three shots were fired, and that was all. Some artillery was fired from the hill, but did no damage. Our troops instantly set to work turning the intrenchments to their own advantage. About 3 A. M. a force of rebels was heard approaching, whereupon a vigorous fire of musketry and artillery was opened upon them, and they retired. They declared, however, that they would come again and retake the works, which, by the time this reaches you, will be greatly strengthened.

The *Herald's* despatch says the Union signal station at Dutch Gap was bombarded by the rebels on Friday evening. The Union batteries replied with vigor. The officer at the station, Lieut. Amsden, remained at his post during the contest. The damage to us was nothing, while the enemy's earthworks bore unmistakeable evidence of hard usage. The rebels were busy until dark repairing damages.

News from Rebel Sources---What Grant and Sherman are Going to Do.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13. The Richmond *Examiner* of last Friday says Gen. Grant has massed a great many troops on the railroad two miles south of Petersburg, and has within the last ten days pushed his left a quarter of a milewest of the railroad. He will at an early day make a grand burst and try to reach the South side Railroad at some point near the town. This is to be his next grand movement.

The *Whig* says Sherman visited the rebel wounded at Jonesboro and told them that he intended to take his army back to Atlanta, rest it there and then go to Andersonville. This is regarded as Yankee braggadocia.

Affairs in the Rebel Confederacy---Torpedo Explosion near Fort Sumter---Rebel Disappointment.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14. A gentleman who left Richmond on the 5th, informs the *Herald* that the condition of the rebels in that city must certainly be distressing, owing to the scarcity of provisions. He also says water communications via James river is unobstructed, except by a single line of torpedoes opposite Drury's Bluff, and a couple of iron-clads heavily armed. The whole rebel armies are less than 200,000, including guerrillas; and Lee has under his direction about 75,000 of that number. The ranks are filled up with old men sixty years of age, and boys of 15, and the army is too feeble either to attack Grant or hold together much longer.

The *Herald's* despatches from the Shenandoah, state that the enemy has weakened his line on our left, and is massing towards the Potomac.

The fords at present are impassible, owing to the rains, but when the water subsides Gen. Sheridan will be found ready to dispute the passage of the foe.

Charleston, S. C., papers of the 1st inst., mentions an explosion of a mammoth Yankee torpedo near the southwest angle of Fort Sumter. It exploded too far from the fort to do material damage, although it shook the structure heavily.

The rebel powder works at Augusta, Ga., exploded lately, destroying 30,000 pounds of powder and killing nine operatives.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 9th says the hopes built upon the terrible things that Wheeler was to do with Sherman's communications, seems fast falling into nothing.

Sharp Engagement near Winchester---Capture of an entire Rebel Regiment.

General Sheridan reports the following operations in his command:

"NEAR BERRYVILLE, P. M. Sept. 13.

Lieut. General Grant, City Point:

This morning I sent General Getty's division of the 6th corps, with two brigades of cavalry, to the crossing at Summit Point, and the Winchester road over the Opequan Creek, to develop the force of the enemy at the crossing in that vicinity.

Rhodes', Ramsay's Gordon's and Wharton's divisions were found on the west bank. At the same time Gen. Wilson's and Gen. McIntosh's brigade of cavalry dashed up the Winchester Pike and drove the rebel cavalry at a run.

They came in contact with Renshaw's division, charged it and captured the 8th South Carolina regiment, with 16 officers and 145 men, its battle flag, and, Col. Hannegan, commanding the brigade, with a loss to us of only two men killed and two wounded. Great credit is due to Gen. Wilson and McIntosh, of the 3d New York and 2d Ohio. The charge was a gallant one. A part of the 2d Mass., reserve brigade made a charge on the right of the line, and captured an officer and 11 men of Gordon's division of infantry. Our loss in the reconnoissance is very light.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN.
Major General.

The Draft Ordered for Monday, the 19th inst. Gens. Grant and Sherman urge its Immediate Enforcement.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Washington, Sept. 14.

To Major Gen. Dix:

Lieut. Gen. Grant telegraphs to this Department in respect to the draft as follows:

To Hon. E. M. Stanton.

CITY POINT, 10:30 A. M., Sept. 13. We ought to have the whole number of men called for by the President in the shortest possible time. Prompt action in filling up our armies will have more effect on the enemy than a victory over them. They profess to believe, and make their men believe, there is such a party at the North in favor of recognising Southern independence, that the draft cannot be enforced.

Deserters come into our lines daily, who tell us that the men are nearly universally tired of the war, and that desertions would be much more frequent but that they believe peace will be negotiated after the Fall election.

The enforcement of the draft, and prompt filling up of our armies, will save the shedding of blood to an immense degree.

(Sign d) U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

The following telegraph has been received from Major Gen. Sherman on the same subject:

To Hon E. M. Stanton:

ATLANTA, Ga. Sept 14, 6:3 P. M. I am very glad to hear the draft will be enforced. First, we need the men. Second, they come as privates to fill up our old tired regiments, with their experienced officers already on hand; and third, because the enforcement of the law will manifest a power resident in our Government equal to the occasion. Our Government, though a Democracy, should in times of trouble and danger, be able to wield the power of a great nation. All well.

(Signed) W. T. SHERMAN, Maj. Gen.

The draft is ordered to commence in all States and districts where the quota is not filled by volunteers, on Monday the 19th, and will go on untill completed. Volunteers and substitutes will be received and credited to as late a period as possible. Volunteering is still progressing with vigor in most of the States.

(Signed) E. M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

Gen. Sherman Regulates Matters at Atlanta ---No Persons not Connected with the Army to be Permitted to Remain in the City.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15. Elias Smith, the correspondent of the *Tribune* at Atlanta, states that Gen. Sherman has ordered that all families, whose male representatives are in the rebel service, or who have gone South, shall also go South; also all citizens not connected with the army, who have not a permit from Gen Thomas himself shall go North at once. All persons failing to comply will be imprisoned. No person on any pretext will be allowed to go nearer Atlanta than Chattanooga.

Gen. Sherman's army fell back from Jonesboro' to Atlanta, and is disposed so as to command all the approaches.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Sept. 14. The *Journal* has a long correspondence from Atlanta up to the 10th inst. It contains a congratulatory order from Gen. Sherman, recounting the victories; also an agreement between Gens. Sherman and Hood for a ten days' truce at Rough and Ready, on the Macon Railroad and country around it, enclosed by a circle of two miles radius, from Sept. 12, to enable the people of Atlanta to remove to points south.

Hood writes to Gen. Sherman on the 9th inst., saying: "Permit me to say the unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and inquitous cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in this dark history of the war. In the name of God and humanity I protest, believing you are expelling from homes and firesides wives and children of brave people."

Hood to Calhoun, Mayor of Atlanta, says: "I shall do all in my power to mitigate the terrible hardships and misery that must be brought upon your people by order of the Federal commander."

The letter from Gen. Sherman to Hood was not obtainable, but the following items from a notice issued by the Mayor of Atlanta, by permission of Gen. Sherman, will give an idea thereof.

"All citizens are required to leave Atlanta and proceed either South or North. The Government will furnish transportation as far as Rough and Ready and north as far as Chattanooga. All citizens may take moveable property with them. Transportation will be furnished for all moveables. Negroes who wish may go with their masters, the other male negroes will be put in the employ of the U. S. Government. Negro women and children will be sent out of the lines."

Gen. Sherman's order of the 4th inst. commences as follows:

The city of Atlanta being exclusively for warlike purposes it will at once be vacated by all except the armies of the United States and such civilian employees as may be retained by the proper departments of the Gulf.

Important from Mobile---Rebel Obstructions said to be removed by Farragut.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18. The *Herald's* Mobile Bay correspondent, writing on the 4th inst., says the sunken rebel iron clad Baltic still effectually blockades the main channel across Dog River Bar, but the double turreted monitor Winnebago has found a passage through the obstructions to a point where she can drop shell into the city.

The Metacomet, Sebago and Kennebec are also at the same place in line of battle, ready to shell the city at a signal from Admiral Farragut. Mobile is entirely at our mercy and can be leveled with the ground any time. The rebel rams and gunboats are in sight but make no demonstration.

Gen. Granger's troops have constructed splendid fortifications at Cedar Point and other places, so if Hood's whole army should reinforce Mobile and attack our position, with the assistance of the gunboats we could easily keep them at bay.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15. The *Herald's* correspondent with the 9th Corps, writing on the 13th, says deserters continue to report great dissatisfaction among the rebel soldiers. They have established a new regulation, by which, if a rebel soldier advanced beyond his post without his musket, he will be fired on by his comrades. If he comes forward with his piece, of course he is likely to be fired on by our pickets. The first division of the 9th Corps has been consolidated with the 2d and 3d divisions.

Union Prisoners in Richmond.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16. Captain B. F. Sloan, of the 20th Pa., cavalry, who left Libby Prison Sept. 12th, informs the Washington correspondent of the *Times*, that there are 250 of our officers imprisoned in Richmond, and 4500 of our men. The officers are in Libby Prison, and the men are all at Belle Isle.

Since Gen. Grant has held the Weldon Railroad, the only outlet is in danger, the rebels dare not transport their prisoners South. The sentiment of our captured men is that they rather endure their sufferings as prisoners, than that the rebels should fill up their ranks with 35,000 or 40,000 fresh men by exchange; and these men understand that this is the only source of strength to the rebel armies.

Cheerful Feeling in the Front---Desertions from the Rebel Army.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16. A letter was received in this city to-day from an officer on General Grant's staff, dated City Point, Wednesday evening, which says:

"I have no striking news to report to-day, but everything looks bright and cheering, and every day we lay here we are weakening the enemy more or less, while the troops are deserting to our lines, in droves. We are receiving large accessions of recruits.

The 11th Florida regiment, which entered the service with 1100 men, has been reduced, deserters say, to less than 100, by desertions and the casualties of war, but principally by desertions.

From Gen. Grant's Army---Successful Rebel Raid---Rebel Treachery Punished.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17. Passengers by the mail boat to-day, report that on Friday, a large body of rebel cavalry made a raid on our reserve cattle herd opposite Harrison's Landing, and succeeded in carrying off the entire number---about 2500 head.

The guard taking care of these cattle, was the 13th Pa., cavalry, about 200 men, and of course could not make much resistance against such a heavy body of the enemy.

The attack was made just before daylight yesterday morning. Our men attempted to open the fence and stampede the cattle, so as to get nearer our troops, but they were shot at while making the effort. Captain Richardson, commissary of subsistence, had charge of the herd which was the main supply for the army in front of Richmond. He had scarcely time to save his papers, and our men are said to have lost their entire effects. Our cavalry started in pursuit, and it was believed that before night the entire lot would be naught.

HEADQUARTERS,
Army of the Potomac, Sept. 25.

During the past few days both sides have been engaged in a continual struggle of sharpshooting and artillery firing, particularly in the centre of the line. It was thought several nights ago that this practice would cease in front of the 2d corps, as an agreement had been made by both sides to that effect; but it is reported that the same night, as our men were changing the pickets, the rebels opened and killed about a dozen of our men. Our soldiers threatened they would have revenge for this dastardly act. So watching a favorable opportunity when the rebels had a large number exposed, they blazed away with terrible effect.

Those unhurt were not long in seeking shelter of their works, and finally begged our men to cease, as the firing the night previous was by a new regiment, who were not aware of the agreement. But the answer sent over, which was rather more expressive than elegant, seemed to satisfy them that the truce was at an end.

Over twenty ambulances were seen to come towards the place where the struggle occurred, and to go back loaded, evidencing that the rebels paid dearly for their bad faith.

Official Account of the Rebel Cattle Raid---Losses in the D. C. Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS,
Army of Potomac, Sept. 16.

The flank attack by the rebel cavalry early yesterday morning was a most daring move, and seems to have been partially successful.

The attacking force consisted of three brigades of cavalry with eight pieces of artillery. The main body reached the vicinity of the cattle herd on Buffin's Farm, near Coggin's Point, just before daylight, while the remainder engaged our cavalry pickets along the entire line from Ream's Station, capturing some and driving others back. This was done to cover operations of the main rebel column. The attack was made a short time before daylight when the guard men were mostly abed.

Two hundred prisoners are reported to have been captured, mostly of the 13th Penn. cavalry.

The 1st D. C. Cavalry on duty near by soon attacked the rebels, but they were in such strong force that our men had to fall back, suffering a loss of 250.

It is said that Gen. Gregg's division of cavalry, supported by the 2d corps, went in pursuit of the raiders, but it is believed they had too much the start and must have got off with the greater part of their plunder.

In addition to our loss of cattle, which will reach 2500 head, the rebels captured several teams with a gang of ten men, who were engaged in constructing a telegraph line in that direction.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18. The *Commercial's* Washington despatch says:

Our cavalry, in pursuit of the rebels who captured our cattle near Harrison's Landing, recovered many animals and some marauders.

The South has all its Available population in the Field---Desertions from the Rebel Army.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17. The *Tribune's* City Point correspondent says the Richmond Whig makes out that there still remains in the South 123,000 men between the age of 16 and 50. These they style exempts, and from them only can they recruit their armies: but these have heretofore been all detailed to duty considered important, and cannot be spared from their present associations. Hence, there is not basis of addition to their armies. The position of Deep Bottom is now garrisoned entirely by negroes. The operations at Dutch Gap are prosecuted by negro soldiers.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17. Seventy-eight rebel arrived here this morning from City Point, on the steamer Vanderbilt. They represent Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia regiments. They say the rebel officers have become very vigilant of late, owing to numerous desertions, and there is great difficulty in getting away. Many had deen shot while endeavoring to escape to our lines.

The most favorable opportunity offered to those who wish to desert is when they are on the skirmish line, or on vidette duty.

There are four brothers among the number brought here; they belonged to Virginia regiments, and all four deserted at the same time.

A Washington despatch has the following:

Over three thousand rebel deserters have arrived in Washington from the Army of the Potomac.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

TUESDAY, September 20, 1864.

[Corrected weekly by J. McArthur, J. Hodge & Co., C. H Mulliken & Co. and J. G. Adams.]

Flour,	$11 00 to 15 50	Clear Salt Pork,	20 00 to 25 00
Corn Meal,	1 80 to 2 00	Mutton,	8 to 10
Rye Meal,	2 25 to 2 50	Turkeys,	16 to 18
Wheat,	none	Chickens,	18 to 20
Rye,	none	Geese,	10 to 12½
Corn,	1 80 to 1 85	Clover seed,	nominal
Barley,	nominal.	Herdgrass,	nominal
Beans,	2 25 to 2 75	Red Top,	nominal
Oats,	95 to 1 00	Hay,	18 00 to 21 00
Potatoes,	80 to 90	Lime,	1 35 to 1 40
Dried Apples,	none	Fleece Wool,	85 to 95
Cooking "	62 to 75	Pulled Wool,	80 to 90
Butter	45 to 50	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 2 00
Cheese,	18 to 21	Hides,	10 to 11
Eggs,	23 to 25	Calf Skins,	25 to 30
Lard,	25 to 28	Lamb Skins,	1 00 to 2 00
Veal	8 to 10	Wood, hard,	$8 00 10.25
Round Hog,	$12½ to 15 00	Wood, soft,	$5 00 to $5 00

THE CATTLE MARKETS.
AT BRIGHTON AND CAMBRIDGE.

WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1864.

At Market 3 334 cattle, 2 603 Stores, and 4 41 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for beef.

PRICES.

BEEVES—First qual. 12,0) @ 12,5) Per 100 lbs. on the total Second do. 10,00 @ 11.50 } weight of hide, tallow, Third do. 7.00 @ 8.50 } and dressed beef. Extra $13,00 @ $14,00, premium. $14,00.

Working Oxen—Sales $300, $125 $250.

Milch Cows—$42 @ $90; extra, $70 @ 95; ordinary, $28 @ 50.

Veal Calves—$8 @ $10 per head.

Sheep—6 @ 9 ¢ lb on live weight, sheared; lambs $3 50 @ $6 25 each.

Hides—12 @ 13c. *Calf Skins*—23c to 25c ¢ lb, or 2,00 @ 2,75. *Tallow*—11@11½c.

Pelts, sheep—75 @ $1,25; Lambs' $1.50 @ $2,00.

Stores—Wholesale, 10 @ 11c ¢ lb; retail, 12 @ 13c. Fat hogs 12½, live weight.

Five hundred and fifty five head of cattle, and two hundred and fifty sheep and lambs are reported from Maine during the week.

There is a larger supply of cattle at market than has been in before this season in one week; the quality of the Western Cattle is better than that of last week, there being some very extra ones. Extra cattle are selling for about the same as they did last week, but upon other grades there is a decline in prices equal to 50 cts. ¢ hundred from our last quotations. There was a large lot of cattle sold yesterday, but the demand is not so active as it has been for the last four weeks.

At Brighton there were some very extra cattle sold for beef. Wm. Merrifield sold 2 for $185, and 2 for $135, about 311 ¢ cwt., and 3 pair 3-year-olds for workers at $125 per pair. S. Cannon sold 1 pair workers for $165, girth 6½ feet, and 1 pair girth 6 ft. 3 in., for $190, and a lot of 2-year-olds for $33 per head. John faitsold 4 oxen, dress 1030 each, for $12 50. There is a large number of cattle unsold to-day. Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, and drovers say they cannot get so high by $2 ¢ cwt. offered as the same quality sold for last week. There will be several hundred kept over.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. 6300 at Market. Prices—in lots, $2.00, $2 50, $3,00. Extra and selections, $4 50, $5.12 @ $6 00. Spring Lambs, $2 00 to $6 00.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, Sept. 17, 1864.

APPLES. Green ¢ bbl (new crop) $3.50 @ 4 50, Sliced, ¢ lb 13@ 14.

BUTTER. Country ¢ lb 42@45, Choice Table 47@50, Store 35@40.

BEANS. Marrow ¢ bush $3 25@3 27, Pea $3 12@3 37, Blue Pod $275 @3 00.

CHEESE. Vermont ¢ lb new 21@22c; New York 21@23.

GRAIN. Rye $2.00@1 10, oats 1.00@1.05, South yellow corn, 1.78, corn mixed 1 75 @ 1 85, barley nominal, shorts, per ton $41@$43; fine feed $ 1@47.

HAY. Hay ¢ net ton, pressed $23 @ $24.

HIDES & SKINS. Western, 27@28, Slaughter Hides, 9@10, Calf skins, 25@30, Sheep Pelts, dry, 1.50@2 50.

PRODUCE. Beef ¢ quarter ¢ lb. 1c@14c; Eggs, 24@25; Potatoes ¢ bbl., 3 50@4 00; Onions, 25@28; Lamb, 12@14; Turkey, 24@28; Cheese, none; Veal, 12@14.

WOOL. Fleece 1 00@1 10, Pulled 90@1 00, Pelts 1 50@2 50.

—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET...Sept. 19.

Flour—The market is firm and steady and the sales have been at $10,50 @ $10 75 for Western superfine; $11.00@ $11,50 for common extras; $ 11,50 @ $12,25 for medium do.; and $12,50 @ $15,00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

OATS—Western mixed, $1,72; Yellow, 1.80.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 90 @ 95c ¢ bushel.

RYE—2,00 ¢ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at 28@ $30.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Sept. 17.

Flour—State and Western 10@15c lower—State 9 50@ 10.20; Ohio 11.00 @ 13.25; Western 9 50 @ 10 50. Southern lower—sales at 11.00 @ 14.25. Canada 10.00@12 00.

Wheat—1 @ 5c lower. Milwaukee club 2.16@2 24; amber Milwaukie 2.27 @ 2.32; red winter Western 2.21 @2.33.

CORN—Mix 1 Western 1.60 @ 1 61.

OATS—Canada 88 @ 90.

Special Notices.

AYER'S AGUE CURE.

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache or Billious Headache, and Billous Fevers, indeed for the whole class of diseases originating in biliary derangement, caused by the Malaria of miasmatic countries.

Fever and Ague is not the only consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, in unfavorable constitutions, such as *Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis*, and *Derangement of the Stomach*, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the *intermittent type*, or become periodical. This "Cake" expels the poison from the blood, and thus cures them all alike. It is not only the most effectual remedy ever discovered for this class of complaints, but it is the cheapest, and moreover is perfectly safe. No harm can arise from its use, and the patient, when cured, is left as healthy as if he had never had the disease. Can this be said of any other cure for Chills and Fevers? It is true of this, and its importance to those affected with the complaint cannot be over estimated. So sure is to cure the Fever and Ague, that it may be truthfully said to be a certain remedy. One dollar compares that it is not a good medicine to sell, because one bottle cures a whole neighborhood.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by CHAS. F. POTTER, Augusta, Me.

SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY

W. F. PHILLIPS, Portland; S. A. HOWES & CO., Belfast; W. L. ALDEN & CO., Bangor, Me. 2m39

☞ **A Down Town Merchant** having passed several sleepless nights, disturbed by the agonies and cries of a suffering child, and becoming convinced that MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP was just the article needed, procured a supply for the child. On reaching home and acquainting his wife with what he had done, she refused to have it administered to she child, as she was strongly in favor of Homœopathy. That night the child passed in suffering, and the parents without sleep. Returning home the day following, the father found the baby still worse; and while contemplating another sleepless night, the mother stepped from the room to attend to some domestic duties, and left the father with the child. During her absence he administered a portion of the Soothing Syrup to the baby, and said nothing. That night all hands slept well, and the little fellow awoke in the morning bright and happy. The mother was delighted with the sudden and wonderful change, and although at first offended at the deception practiced upon her, has continued to use the Syrup, and suffering, crying babies and restless nights have disappeared. A single trial of the Syrup has never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. 35 cents a bottle. Sold by all Druggists. 1m38

COLGATE'S HONEY SOAP.

This celebrated **Toilet Soap**, in such universal demand, is made from the **choicest** materials, is **mild** and **emollient** in its nature, **fragrantly scented**, and extremely **beneficial** in its action upon the skin. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. 1y7

A CARD TO INVALIDS.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America as a Missionary, discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Diseases of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by hurtful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been already cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the recipe for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, *Free of Charge*. Address

JOSEPH T. INMAN,
STATION D, BIBLE HOUSE,
New York City.

1y33

☞ **The Restoring Influence** of OSGOOD'S INDIA CHOLAGOGUE upon constitutions impaired and injured by a residence in a bilious climate, is one of its most valuable qualities. There are many constitutions that become gradually undermined by MIASMAL CAUSES, without even a day's actual confinement. In such cases, the Cholagogue acts like a charm—the sallow complexion, loss of appetite, languor, weariness and depression of spirits, with other unpleasant symptoms which render life a burden—all yield to this remedy if only faithfully used according to the directions of the pamphlet which accompanies each bottle.

Sold by all druggists and medicine dealers. 1w41

A CARD.

The Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society of Augusta gratefully acknowledge a generous gift of fifty dollars from the Fakir of Vishnu. Sept. 19, 1864

Married.

In Mt. Vernon, by Rev. D. F. Potter, of Topsham, George F. Teague, of New Sharon, to Augusta S. Williams. No cards.

In Winthrop, Sept. 1st, by Rev. T. K. Noble, John H. Marrow to Lucy F. Shaw.

In Freedom, Sept. 10th, by Benj. Williams, Esq., James G. Flye of Unity, to Mary F. Russell of Camden.

In Mercer, Sept. 11th, by S. B. Walton, Esq., Ivory Lowe, M. D. of Canaan, to Philena K. Patten of Smithfield.

In Corinville, Daniel F. Fox to Mary E. Crowley of Ellsworth.

In Liberty, Sept. 11th, Eben H. Colby to Flora A. Collins.

Died.

In Augusta, Sept. 11th, Frederic T., eldest son of Charles C. and Lucy B. Grant, aged 33 years. Massachusetts and New Hampshire papers please copy. At Camp Keyes, Sept. 11th, Leander N. Mank of 20th Me. Regiment, of Warren, aged 25 years 6 mos. Aug. 5th, George, son of Thomas and Mary Cunningham, Co. D, 13th Maine, aged 27 years. Sept. 18th, Nahum Stackpole, Co. C, 31st Maine aged 48 years. July 9th, David Kimball of Chelsea, aged 63 years 11 mos. Massachusetts papers please copy.

In Corinville, 14th ult., Orin N. H., only son of Hiram and Mary Smith, aged 3 years

At Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., Sept. 18th, Edwin A. Maxfield, of Co. G, 7th Me. Regt., formerly of China, aged 29

At Hammond General Hospital, Point Lookout, Md., July 22d, of wounds received before Petersburg, Va., John Britt of Augusta, aged 38 years. Co. C, 9th Maine.

In Pensacola, Fla., Aug. 25th, Sergt. Elwin C. Miner, of Co. B, 24 Me. Cavalry, son of Dwight Miner of Hallowell, aged 18 years. Massachusetts papers please copy.

In Hammond Hospital, Point Lookout, Md., of wounds received in battle, Saul Smith, aged 22 years 10 mos.

At Lincoln Hospital, Washington, D. C., 18th inst., Edwin A. Maxfield of Co. G, 7th Maine, aged 29 years, formerly of China.

In East Readfield, Sept. 8th, Mrs. Dorothy Brown, aged 77 years 11 mos.

In Alna, Sept. 13th, Elizabeth C., wife of Capt. Nath'l P. Dole, aged 59 years 9 mos.

In West Levant, May 31st, of diphtheria, Julia A., daughter of Stephen and Almira Simpson, aged 24 years 29 days.

In Vassalboro', Sept. 9th, Eugene C. Chadbourne, aged 20.

MEONIAN HALL.

Friday Evening, Sept. 23d, 1864.

VARIAN
HOFFMAN COMBINATION.

1864. FALL TOUR. 1864.

ONE GRAND CONCERT!
(AS ABOVE.)

By the Most Popular Artists in America.

MADAME CHARLOTTE VARIAN,
The Beautiful Prima Donna,

MR. F. R. THOMAS,
The celebrated Baritone, from N. Y.,

EDWARD HOFFMAN,
The Distinguished Pianist and Composer,

IN AN ENTIRE NEW AND ELEGANT PROGRAMME.

Tickets 50 Cents.

DOORS OPEN AT 7. COMMENCE AT 8.

☞ Tickets for sale at the usual places, and at the Doors.

TO the Honorable Judge of Probate within and for the County of Lincoln:

ANSON B. BOWLER, Administrator of the Estate of Gilmore Cooper, late of Montville, in the County of Waldo, deceased, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of the said deceased is not sufficient by the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars to answer the just debts and charges of administration. He therefore prays that he may be empowered and licensed to sell and convey so much of the real estate of the said deceased as may be sufficient to raise the said sum with incidental charges.

ANSON B. BOWLER.

LINCOLN, ss.—At a Probate Court held at Wiscasset, within and for the County of Lincoln, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1864:

On the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said Estate, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Wiscasset, within and for said County, on the fourth day of October next, by causing a copy of said Petition, with this order, to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, three weeks successively, previous to said Court.

JOHN H. CONVERSE, *Judge of Probate.*

Attest: J. J. KENNEDY, *Register.*

A true copy. Attest: J. J. KENNEDY, *Register.* 41*

TO the Honorable Judge of Probate within and for the County of Lincoln:

ANSON B. BOWLER, Administrator of the Estate of Benjamin Marr Jr., late of Damariscotta, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that the personal estate of the said deceased is not sufficient by the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars to answer the just debts and charges of administration. He therefore prays that he may be empowered and licensed to sell and convey so much of the real estate of the said deceased as may be sufficient to raise the said sum with incidental charges.

ANSON B. BOWLER.

LINCOLN, ss.—At a Probate Court held at Wiscasset, within and for the County of Lincoln, on the sixth day of September, A. D. 1864:

On the foregoing petition, ORDERED, That said Petitioner give notice to all persons interested in said estate, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at Wiscasset, within and for said County, on the fourth day of October next, by causing a copy of said petition, with this order, to be published in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, three weeks successively, previous to said Court.

JOHN H. CONVERSE, *Judge of Probate.*

Attest: J. J. KENNEDY, *Register.*

A true copy. Attest: J. J. KENNEDY, *Register.* 41*

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Guardian of Edward M. True, Charles E. True, Mary W. True, Amos K. O. True, and Wilbur F. True, minor heirs of Moses True, late of Fayette, in said County, deceased, respectfully represents that said minors are seized and possessed of the following described real estate, viz:—All the interest of said wards in the homestead farm of the late Moses True, deceased, situate in said Fayette. That an advantageous offer has been made for the same, by Eleanor Q. True, of Fayette, in said County, which offer is for the interest of all concerned immediately to accept, the vendee of sale to be paid out at interest for the benefit of said wards. Said Guardian therefore prays for license to sell and convey the above described real estate to the person making said offer. C. W. KYLE.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate at AUGUSTA, on the first Monday of September, 1864.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that notice be given by publishing this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register.* 41*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1864.

BENJAMIN MANWELL, Guardian of Augustus R. Turner of Monmouth, in said County, minor, having presented his third account of Guardianship of said Ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing this order three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of October next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 41*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1864.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of THOMAS LARRABEE, late of West Gardiner, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of October next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 41*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1864.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT purporting to be the last will and testament of ISAAC DEXTER, late of Wayne, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice be given to all persons interested by publishing this order in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, in said County, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of Sept. ober next, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased H. K. BAKER, *Judge.*

Attest: J. BURTON, *Register.* 41*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator with the will annexed, on the estate of CHARLES S. BUNKER, late of Vienna, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted, to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

August 22, 1864 41* JOSIAH MORRILL.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of DANIEL H. MORRELL, late of Fayette, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

August 22, 1864. 41* FRANCIS MORRELL.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of GEORGE W. MACOMBER, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 5, '64 41* JOSHUA S. TURNER.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of OREN CURRIER, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 5, 1864. 41* JOSHUA S. TURNER.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of LUCINDA N. CURRIER, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 5, 1864. 41* JOSHUA S. TURNER.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of WILLIAM O. GREEN, late of Augusta, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 5, 1864. 41* JOSEPH W. PATTERSON.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of THEODORE C. ALLEN, late of AUGUSTA, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ARTEMAS LIBBEY. 41*

September 5, 1864.

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

DR. H JAMES, a retired physician of great eminence, discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Desirous of benefiting his fellow mortals, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making and successfully using this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with two stamps to pay expenses. There is

Poetry.

A COUNTRY SUMMER SUNDAY.

BY B. F. SHILLABER.

Sweet season of repose!, thy influence blest
Pervades creation with a calm delight;
All nature claims the bounty of thy rest,
And care that held dominion takes its flight.

No sounds discordant lacerate the ear—
In tranquil beauty lies the landscape wide;—
"To Praise! To Praise!" our inmost spirits hear,
As if an angel spake, from every side.

The sun, abroad, o'er meadow, wood and stream,
A brighter, holier radiance seems to fling;
The birds inspired with sweeter music seem,
And breathless breezes wait to hear them sing.

Anon, awakening with a murmuring note,
The soft winds harp on instrumental trees,
While perfumes from a myriad blossoms float,
Borne on the pinions of the joyous breeze.

The cattle in the field, released from stall,
Graze gratefully upon the grasses cool,
Where the refreshing shadows darkly fall,
Or stand as studying in some pleasant pool.

The rustling corn in tassled pride outflings
Its banners in the gleaming sun to dance,
And every spire in golden triumph swings
In plentitude of rich luxuriance.

The farmer listless leans upon the wall,
And looks with calm contentment o'er his fields,
While glad emotions all his life enthral,
And thankfulness that here its tribute yields.

But hark! amid the charms that rest around,
Comes to our ears the warning sabbath-bell;
The listening hills return the sacred sound,
And waken echoes in the vales that dwell.

And now, sedately from each cottage home,
The village fathers, sabbathly arrayed,
And village mothers, dignifiedly come,
And village maidens with their "best" displayed;

The dusty chaise rolls down the dusty hill,
A relic saved from generations past,
A pride of station clinging to it still,
And deferential looks are on it cast;

And loving pairs lag loitering along
Beneath the shadows of the elm trees, tall,
And themes are there for story or for song
Poured out 'neath many a faded parasol.

All take the path to where, each holy day,
The reverend pastor doth his accents raise,
And strives to draw his hearers' minds away,
By urgings gentle, to a goodly praise;

To where the anthem unassisted springs,
And melody appealed turns pale to hear,
Gathering for flight her silver plumaged wings,
To seek elsewhere some more harmonious sphere!

[Yet much of soul dwells in the simple song,
Where fervor takes the place of studied art,
As on the air it pours itself along,
Freighted with feeling of the fervent heart.]

Methinks that God looks more benignly down
Upon the day His lovingness hath lent,
When, amid scenes like this its hour we crown
By offerings with joy and homage blent.

Ascetic gloom should find no biding place
To cloud the current of our bosom's rest;
The sabbath sun with joy should gild the face,
As in the heart its presence is confest.

Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Our Story-Teller.

SURPRISED.

"Ticket, sir, if you please!"

Between dusk and daylight—the warm gold of the sunset sky just fading into crimson, and the Express train thundering over the iron track to some strong ferocious demon. Carl Silver came dimly conscious of these things as he started from a brief, restless slumber, wherein his knapsack had served as a pillow, and stared vaguely into the sharp Yankee face of the obdurate conductor.

"Tickets! I suppose I've such a thing about me," he muttered drowsily, searching first one pocket and then another. "Oh, here it is. I say, conductor, are we near New York?"

"Twenty minutes or so will bring us into Jersey City, sir—we are making pretty good time."

And the sharp-faced official passed on, to harrass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to put his ticket in his hat band; while Captain Silver dragged himself into a sitting position, putting his two hands back of his head with a portentous yawn, and smiled to remember the fantastic dreams that had chased one another through his brain during that half hour of cramped, uneasy slumber, from which the conductor's challenge had roused him—dreams in which bloody battle-fields and lonely night-marches had blended oddly with sweet home voices, and the sulphurous breath of artillery had mingled with violet scents from the twilight woods around, and gusts of sweetness from the passing clouds of peach blossoms, through which the Express train shot remorselessly.

And then Carl Silver began to think of other things.

"Conductor!" whispered the fat old lady opposite, in the bombazine bonnet and stiff colored shawl.

"Yes'm," said the man of tickets, stopping abruptly in his transit through the cars, and inclining his ear.

"That young man in the military cap, conductor—I hope he ain't an escaped lunatic dressed up in soldier's clothes. I've heard o' such things. And I don't like a bit the way he keeps grinnin' to himself and rubbin' his two hands together. He's acted queerly all day, and seems travelin' all alone, conductor!"

The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady bridled in offended dignity. Bless her anxious heart!—how was she to know that Captain Silver was only rejoicing in the thoughts of the glorious "surprise" he had in store for a mother and dimpled faced sister that night? Was it not a year—twelve long, long months—since he had looked upon their faces last? And now—

On, speed on your way, Express train, through quiet villages where daffodils sprinkle the gardens with gold! Speed over the sloping hills where springing grass sends up a faint, delicious smell, and brooks babble under swinging willows—past lonely church-yards, where the white hands of innumerable gravestones beckon through the twilight and are gone; for every throb of your iron pulse brings one true heart nearer home! Shot and shells have spared him for this hour; fever and pestilence and foul malaria have passed him by; and now—

Suppose there should be an accident! He had heard of such things on these lightning-routes. Suppose he should be carried home a dead, mangled corpse, the words of greeting frozen into eternal silence on his lips, the glad light sealed forever under the heavy eyelids? Strange that such morbid fancies should never have assailed him in the fire and smoke of Gettysburg, yet come to him now, like gusts that would not be driven away, when he was within twenty minutes of home! Would it break his mother's heart, or would she live on? And would Kate Meriam?—Kate Meriam, the blue-eyed, shy little fairy, who would never look at him save through her long brown lashes, and whose coy mouth always made him think of scarlet cherries and roses dashed in dew.

"To think!" ejaculated Carl Silver, bringing down his bronzed fist on the window-ledge with force that made the glass rattle ominously and struck a chill to the heart of the old lady in the bombazine bonnet—"to think that I, who would knock down the man who ventured to tell me I was a coward, should be afraid to say frankly to a little slender girl that I love her! to think that the very touch of her glove, the sound of her footstep, the rustle of her ribbons, can frighten my self-possession away, and make a staring, silent idiot of me! After all, what is a man's courage worth? There's no use in thinking of it! I shall die an old bachelor, for I'll never marry any woman but Kate Meriam, and I shall never dare to plead my cause with Kate. I wish I hadn't such an absurd streak of cowardice through me."

Yet Captain Silver's men had told a different tale when he led them over the bridge in that dreadful charge at Antietam. Cowardice! there were several different interpretations to that word.

"Carriage! carriage! No, I *won't* have a carriage. Get away from me, you fellows! You are worse than the locusts of Egypt, and ten times as noisy," cried Captain Silver energetically elbowing his way through the swarms of eager hackman, who were making night hideous at the foot of Courtlandt street. "Do you suppose I am going to spoil my precious surprise by a carriage?"

Broadway by gaslight! How strange, yet how familiar it seemed to the returning exile, with its stately facades of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on foundations of quivering fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting succession, like the tides of a never-resting sea. Carl Silver's heart leaped up in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to hear his footsteps ringing on Manhattanese ground.

No light in the house! His heart stood still a moment. This was strange—ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubt from his mind. How lucky, the door was on the latch, and swung noiselessly open.

Hush! not a creaking stair or clanking spur must betray him; through the old familiar hall he passed, and into his mother's room, lighted only by the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal fire.

"Where the mischief are they all?" ejaculated Captain Silver under his breath. "No matter—they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel this big chair up, and take a bask, for the air is chill if it is the first of May. Won't they be astonished, though, when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Faugh! what a smell of paint—whitewash, too, as I'm a living sinner. Confound it, I've kicked over a pail of the stuff! If the women folks ain't house cleaning!"

The Captain gave an indignant contemptuous sniff as he surveyed the desolate scene.

"What comfort a female can find in turning things upside down, and deluging the house with soap and water twice a year, I can't imagine. Carpets all up—floors damp—curtains torn down—not one familiar object to greet a fellow's eyes after a twelvemonth's absence from home. Heigh-ho! I think I'll light a cigar."

Which he did, and began to smoke and meditate.

Then was a rustle and tripping footfall on the stairs. The Captain took out his cigar and listened.

"That's Minny," he said to himself. "Mamma doesn't dance up stairs like that."

He arose, and leaned against the door-casing as the dancing feet came nearer and nearer. How his heart beat as the fire-light shone upon a merino dress and a little white apron on the threshold! And the next moment he had caught the slight form in his arms and was showering kisses on cheek, and brow, and lips, and hair.

"Caught for once, Miss Minny!" he exclaimed. "That's to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escape!"

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carl Silver let go her waist and retreated against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For, as truly as he stood there quaking in his regimentals, the voice was not that of his sister Minny, but, Kate Meriam!"

"How dare you!" she ejaculated with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I'll ring the bell and call the servants if you don't leave the house this instant!"

"Upon my word, I'm not a burglar or an assassin!" pleaded Carl, recovering his self-possession in a measure, as he saw Kate's breathless terror! "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss Meriam—Captain Silver?"

"You are an imposter," said Kate, with spirit. "Captain Silver is with the Army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not, he's here," urged Carl. "How shall I prove that I am *myself*? Kate? Miss Meriam?"

For she had sunk on the floor and begun to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt at comfort.

"No," she sobbed, "only—only I was so frightened!"

The little, trembling, blue-eyed thing! Carl Silver had never seen her in tears before. No shy assumption of dignity now—no royal airs—only brown dishevelled hair. *He* was the brave one now—how natural it seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his own strong hand!

"Kate, dearest, I love you! With my whole heart, Kate. Nay, do not be so frightened—I would die to save you one moment's terror! Only tell me that your heart is mine!"

And when the tears were dried, leaving the eyes like drenched violets, and the cheeks flushed brightly, Carl Silver had leave and license to keep one fluttering little hand in his and he knew he was an accepted lover.

"But where are my mother and sister?" he asked at length. "And what is the solution of this strange riddle?"

"Don't you know," laughed Kate, "they do not live here any more?"

"Not live here?"

"Have you forgotten that yesterday was the first of May? We occupy the house now, papa and aunt Millicent, and I."

"Oho!" quoth Captain Silver, "so they have moved, and I never to hear of it. Upon my word they treat me pretty coolly."

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had staid quietly in camp to get your letters, instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends."

"Give me one more kiss, Kate, and I'm off to see them. One more, my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

"And you are *my* soldier now," whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons of his coat with tremulous fingers. "*Mine* to send out into the battle-field, to dream of and pray for. Carl, I have always repined that I had no gift for my country, *now* I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

"Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver, with kindling eyes. "If you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden, unseen armor—nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good night."

So there were three surprises that May evening—one for Kate Meriam, (wouldn't you have been surprised, Mademoiselle, to be caught and kissed in the dark, and never know who the kisser was?) one for Captain Silver, (a very agreeable, one though,) and the old original surprise if we may term it—for his mother and sister. And Carl has not left off congratulating himself that his "leave of absence" happened to fall in the migratory month of May. For if he hadn't blundered into Miss Meriam's house and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitately to a focus, probably to this day he never would have mustered courage to tell her of his love.

And when the golden armadas of the autumn leaves float down the forest brooks, and the blue mist of Indian Summer warps the hills in dreamy light, Carl Silver is coming back to seal Kate Meriam's destiny with a wedding ring.

THE COQUETTE'S FATE.

"Oh, Nellie, Nellie! Oh, Nellie, Nellie!"

A tiny pair of white hands were raised deprecatingly, and a pair of large, violet eyes sought her face, bearing in their depths an expression of entreaty beautiful to behold; but the proud face of Nellie Raymond turned away, perhaps to shut out that beautiful vision, and a low, thrilling laugh ran over her red lips.

"Oh! Nellie, how can you be so heartless? How can you lead a man on to believe you love him, and then, when his heart is yours with all its great, deep fount of manly love and tenderness, laugh, in his face, and bid him go from your presence—hopeless, despairing. I tell you, Nellie Raymond, you will some day have to account for the misery you have wrought."

"Do you think so?" said Nellie, lightly.—"Ah, well!"

"But it will not be 'well'" said Alice May. "You will see in a different light some day. I could not close my eyes one hour in peaceful slumber, were my life so weighed down with such evil deeds as yours."

"Evil deeds! Really, Alice, you are harsh!" exclaimed Nellie, a flush of momentary mortification and anger overspreading her white forehead.

"Dear Nellie," said her friend, "what is the use of calling things by other than their right names? If I seem severe, I only tell you the truth, and you know that I have ever been your best friend—candid and frank."

"Well, Allie, you might have a little more regard for one's feelings," said Nellie.

"Have you any regard for the feelings of others, Nellie?" asked Alice. "There is a good Book in which a sublime teacher said, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' Now, how far do you carry out this rule?"

"Oh! Allie, spare me for pity's sake—don't preach to me now," said Nellie. "I'm not in a mood for it."

But Allie May was relentless.

"You did not spare poor George Morton, whom you so cruelly deceived," she continued, "and then drove him from you with despair in his heart, and the burden of a hopeless life. The green sod of an Italian vale covers the heart of one who loved you but too wildly, and whose reward, after months of weary wandering, and a hopeless, pining life, which soon sank beneath its weight of sorrow is in an exile's grave. Then there is another—a widow's only son and pride—who frets his life away in a mad-house—yes, a mad-house, Nellie, to which your cruelty consigned him. Oh! Nellie Raymond, better a thousand times despoil your face of its dangerous beauty than bear the load of sin it brings upon you, for it is fearful."

A slight quiver in the erect frame of the beautiful girl was the sole response.

"Poor Walter Mayfield!" continued Alice, sadly; "sometimes I pass the window of the cell in which he is confined, and catch a glimpse of his haggard face, and he always smiles like a pleased child when he sees me. Then I contrast him now with what he once was, and weep in spite of myself over the wreck of a strong noble life. He used to be so pleasant and gay always, but he was strong and self-reliant when anything occurred to call forth energy or action. Oh! he was a noble, handsome man; but now he is feeble and helpless—a hopeless maniac. Poor fellow?"

Nellie's face wore an expression of mingled grief, defiance, and mortification; but she remained silent for a few moments, watching the tears as they rolled slowly over Alice May's cheeks.

"And my own dear, only brother, will be your next victim," said Alice, after a pause, looking up sadly and mournfully. "Oh, Nellie, he is all I have—I am alone in the world, with him only to love me—spare him to me, for the love of mercy!"

Nellie rose with a hotly flushed cheek and flashing eye.

"Allie, how can you talk thus?" she exclaimed. "But I tell you, Allie May, if art or beauty can bring your proud, cold brother to the foot of a woman, he shall come to mine.—He shall love me."

"And if he does, and you turn him from you, you will kill him," said Alice. "Once unbend his proud nature, and unlock the founts of tenderness in his heart, and then cast him from you, and see the consequences. Oh! Nellie Raymond, there is sufficient taint on your soul already. Spare yourself if you spare no other."

The last words were unheeded, for Nellie had swept from the room, and little Allie May bowed her head upon the sofa-cushion and sobbed piteously. She had warned her brother repeatedly, but he seemed heedless, and with an aching heart the gentle little sister looked forth to a hopeless, desolate life for him who had ever been her all on earth.

Several weeks passed away, and little Allie May stood before the altar. The man she had chosen was noble, true, and good, and for her feet a bright path lay before her; but there was another to whom her eyes wandered uneasily, and hovered incessantly round the gay, butterfly form of the proud syren, Nellie Raymond, whose dark eyes flashed with triumph as the proud man bent his handsome, stately head with such devotion.

Allie's sweet lips quivered when she saw her brother bend down and whisper in Nellie's ear, and heard the request that she would walk with him on the lawn; and the two wandered off.

The moon shone brightly, and Edward May, drawing Nellie Raymond's arm within his own, walked slowly down the broad gravel walk, his face upturned toward the stars, and a smile of inexpressible happiness wreathing his sweet mouth.

"Nellie," said Edward, and he spoke very low and softly; "Nellie, I am very happy to-night—happier than I had ever hoped to be, and I want some one to sympathize with me in it. Allie has another now to occupy her attention. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes," she whispered softly. "None can share your happiness and sympathize with you more freely than I. Tell me all."

For a moment he was silent, stretching out his hand to draw her down upon a seat beside him.

After a while he spoke, half dreamily and very gently.

"I once believed," said he, "that I could never find a woman whom I could love fully and truly—with such a love as I must cherish for the woman whom I would call my wife; but I have found her, Nellie—(why do you tremble so?)—a sweet, pure-faced little thing, fresh and fragrant as a budding rose, gentle as the summer breezes, and gay and glad as a lark whose song she thrills the whole day long. Tell me that you rejoice in my happiness, Nellie—tell me that you will love my little wife that is to be—sweet Lily Walton."

Nellie's lips were rigid and ashen, and she rose up, quivering like an aspen.

"Oh, I am ill!" she gasped. "Take me into the house."

Edward May rose hastily, and supported her with his arm, but she nearly repulsed him as she planted her foot firmly upon the gravel.—She had learned to love the man with all the hidden passion and fire of her strong nature; and now he told her he had won another, and that other was only a poor but beautiful governess in a rich man's family. Oh, it was too much! He knew Nellie Raymond's weakness, and he had punished her fearfully, though he believed in his heart that she was incapable of deep feeling.

Alice went to Nellie in answer to her brother's summons; and, when every one was gone from the room she held out her arms to Allice, white and stricken, with an anguished moan—"Oh, Allice, I gave him my whole heart, and he loves another!"

Than she sank down, pale and lifeless, and it was many weeks ere Nellie Raymond woke to life and consciousness. Then she was a changed, repentant woman; but it was hard to feel the soft touch of a little hand, and see the light form of Edward's wife bending so pityingly.—Oh, the punishment of her "evil deeds" had come, and it was heavy and bitter!

Nellie Raymond is Nellie Reymond still, but she has grown into a calm, dignified, but lovely woman. She can sympathize with the suffering, because she has suffered; and strives, by tenderness and love to others, to atone for the misery she wrought while yet in the heyday of her pride and selfish love for admiration.

SEND THEM TO HIS MOTHER.

"Am I dying, doctor? Isn't there any ray of hope?"

The feeble hand grasped the arm of the physician, as he was going his rounds among the sick and wounded in that hospital tent, and the youthful voice that asked the eager question trembled with emotion. It was a boyish face into which the physician turned and gazed; but the death angel had set its impress there, and the kind-hearted surgeon could only shake his head.

"I wanted to go home once more before I died. O, mother! mother!" The words were full of agony, and for a few moments the poor child lay with closed eyes, and tears trembled upon the long lashes, but they did not fall; he crushed them back and lifted his almost sightless eyes upward.

"My mother taught me how to die, bless God for that! My home in heaven is always near." The struggle with feeble human nature was over. Angels were present to comfort the dying soldier, and quietly and peacefully he crossed the dark river upon the long, last march that ended his earthly campaign.

There was a soldier's burial. Kind hands hallowed the humble grave, and laid him down prayerfully and tearfully to his rest; and when the brave men turned back to the lonely tent, the sword and valise of their youthful officer met their eye.

"What shall be done with them?" was the sorrowful question.

"Send them home to his mother?"

And they came! It was the early morning of a bright October day. The broad sunlight lay all about the home, over whose threshold the young lieutenant had gone forth one twelve-month before, so full of life and activity.

The door of the neat white house stood open, and all along the door of the wide, pleasant kitchen, lay a stream of yellow sunshine, broken here and there by a restless, moving shadow, where the waving trees came in between the sunlight. The mother was alone, and as she moved about her morning work, she sang in a low, sweet voice, snatches of hymns that she had often sung when the dear boy, now growing into manhood, nestled in her lap, and she was hushing him to sleep; and she looked as if expecting to see his bright face coming in at the door, or hear his cheery voice calling from the garden, "Mother."

Did she hear no whisper from the Garden of Paradise at that moment, calling, "mother, mother?" Was there not a guardian angel hovering about her—a youthful face now glowing with spiritual beauty, hovering over her? Alas, she saw it not!

The stage came rattling along the highway, and her heart beat quicker at the sound, for mayhap there might be something from her darling boy. It stopped before the little wicket gate, and the driver came with slow reluctant steps up the walk. There was something in each hand which he brought silently in, and laid almost reverently on the table. Not a word broke the stillness. The poor mother looked upon them a moment, and then with a sharp cry of agony sank down beside them.

"My boy! my boy! O God, help me! this isn't all that is left?"

She drew the valise to her almost frantically, and lifted her white imploring face to the driver.

"Ah!" It needed not that solemn answer; one glance into that pitying face revealed the truth. Wondering at her own strength she eargerly opened the valise. There was the coat, with its bright buttons and epaulets, that his companions had folded carefully away; and as she held it up, she seemed to see the noble boy as he had stood before her in that dress, and asked so eagerly—"now mother, arn't you proud of your boy? You won't cry any more, will you? I'm going to fight for the dear old flag, my father's flag and mine; I want to go with your approval and blessing." And then she placed her trembling hands upon his head and whispered through her tears—"go, my son, and God be with you." And God has been with him to the end. Then came his Bible, his little pocket Bible that she had given him on his birthday years before. He had read it faithfully. There was here and there a mark at his favorite chapters, and there were pencil lines drawn around many comforting texts, that he had repeated upon tedious marches, going right up into the face of the enemy; and they had been his support and guide to the very last. A little packet of letters, her letters, so full of hope, and trust, and counsel to her absent son; and as she opened them, one by one, she saw how some tender passages, breathing her full heart's love, or telling of the dear old home that stood with open doors to receive him, were blotted with tears which the brave heart could not hold back.

Her picture, with its worn case, into which his eyes had gazed so many times; and as she opened it a little slip of paper fluttered out, with the words in his own hand, "Sweet mother, what a blessing God has given me in you!" She had been a blessing to him; she had taught him the way of eternal life. God be praised for that. But it was a broken hearted mother the kind neighbors raised from the place, where, overcome with grief, she had pillowed her head among the treasures of her son.

Only for a little while, poor mother; my heart aches for you as I write, and for the thousands of hearts made desolate, for whom I can only pray as I pray for my own loved ones in this hour of danger.

Only for a little while; the pearly gates are not closed. They were left ajar as that dear one entered in, unclosed and waiting for you.

This incident is strictly true.—*Home Magazine.*

PINS OF COMMERCE.

The pins of commerce—so familiar to us all—are of various sizes from the large three inch blanket pin to the smallest ribbon pins, of which 300,000 weigh only one pound! But then there is even a smaller; we allude to the smallest of the insect pins, used by entomologists. In Gloucestershire, pin making was introduced in 1662 giving imployment at that remote period to upwards of fifteen hundred persons. In London it was established ten years later, and subsequently in Birmingham.

Previous to the introduction of machinery for the purpose, pin manufacture was one of the greatest prodigies in the division of labor, as it furnished 12,000 articles for three shillings—each of which engaged the united diligence of fourteen operatives. A workman could head fifteen hundred in the course of an hour, a boy could point 16,000 in the same brief space, and a smart child acquired the habit of papering 36,000 per day! Most interesting fact, connected with this branch of our subject may be found in "Smith's Wealth of Nations," as well as in "Babbage's Economy of Manufactures." But all of these operations have since been brought within the scope of machinery of marvellous ingenuity.

During the war of 1812, in consequence of the interruption of commerce, a paper of inferior pins sold *here* for one dollar, which can now be had for six cents! This exorbitant price induced Englishmen, confined in the Old State Prison in Greenwich village (now a part of the city of New York) to attempt their manufacture; but when the war was ended (as we most sincerely wish the present was) this country was suddenly glutted with English pins, at a price so low that the Greenwich enterprise was ruined. In 1820, the manufacture was once more resumed in New York, and again was unsuccessful.

Pins were first made by machinery in England, in 1824, under a patent of Lemuel W. Wright, of Massachusetts—who invented the first solid-headed pin. Wright's *original* machine made forty perfect pins per minute—from the coil of wire—without any manual assistance. It was very easy of adjustment, as the pins could be lengthened and strengthened at pleasure; but the inventive genius of the forty years has greatly improved even it. J. J. Howe obtained patents, both for the United States and England, in 18 2—34, and established the Company in New York, which was subsequently located at Birmingham, Connecticut. S. Slocum obtained another patent, and in 1838 established their manufacture at Poughkeepsie—but his interest was finally transferred to the "American Pin Company" at Waterbury, Connecticut, which is now the largest factory of the kind on this continent, perhaps in the world. The papering of pins is likewise done by machinery, patented by T. Fowler, also of Connecticut—one person only being required to attend to this wonderful piece of mechanical ingenuity. All of these improvements, *originating in the United States*, have been for several years adopted in England, and throughout Europe. At the present time, the total weight of pins manufactured in this country is upwards of twelve tons per week, and in quality they are quite equal to those of British manufacture.—*Home Journal.*

A STORY WITH A LESSON.

An elderly lady who lived in one of the small streets of the Faubourg St. Jacques, sent to Brittany for a young girl to wait upon her. She was far from being rich; an income of 2,000 francs (about £80) was her whole revenue; and she had to exercise no little economy to make this small sum last her the whole year through. The young girl, sent her by a relative in Brittany, was named Perine, and she came with an excellent character. The old lady was every day more with Perine, for every day showed the young girl to be economical, tidy, careful and most industrious. Twelve months passed without so much as an unkind word being said between them. One morning the old lady returned home in a state of great agitation, and said to Perine, "You must leave this house. Look out for a place this very day."

"Do you send me away, madam?" exclaimed Perine, bursting into a flood of tears.

"No, I do not dismiss you," replied the old lady, mingling her tears with those Perine shed so fast; "I do not dismiss you, but I can keep you no longer, for I am ruined."

The old lady had heard a few minutes before that her little capital had been lost by the bankruptcy of one of her kinsmen, to whose hands she had confided it.

"If that's all, madam," said Perine, "that's no reason why I should leave you; at your age you require somebody to serve you."

"But, my poor girl," exclaimed the old lady, deeply touched, "you do not understand what it is to be ruined. I can neither pay you nor feed you."

"If that's the case, madam, I shall not ask you to feed or to pay me; but, as you have been a mother to me, I will treat you now as a daughter should treat her mother. I will work for you and for me."

The old lady protested against Perine's doing any such thing—but in vain. Perine obtained a situation in the neighborhood as a maid-of-all-work, but she retained the right to give one hour every day to the old lady's service, when she would make the latter's bed, sweep out the room, and cook the breakfast; and every night she slept in the old lady's chamber. She would every day bring the latter some fruit or fowl; in short, she acted toward the decayed gentlewoman as if the latter had indeed been her mother.

This patient self-suffering lasted two years without an hour's intermission, when a brother of the old lady's died—a brother she had quarrelled with years ago, and had lost sight, if not remembrance of, for many a month. He died a wealthy bachelor, leaving his whole estate to his sister. As soon as the old lady came into possession of her property, she adopted Perine for her daughter and heiress, and placed her in one of the best boarding schools in Paris, that she might receive an education suited to her position, and marry as well as the heiress of several thousand francs a year might hope to do.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

It is the day when you may sit down to the Bible, without fear of disturbance. It is the day when, alongside of Enoch, you may feed the flames of devotion, and try to divine the wonders and imbibe the ardor of a walk with God. It is a day when, according to your various mood, you may mourn with Abraham at Machphelah; or meditate with Isaac in the field of Mamre; or go down intg Egypt to view Joseph in all his glory. It is the day when you may bid Jacob's Star twinkle anew, Zacharias's fountain flow again. It is the day when, in the upper chamber, you may listen to a sermon of Paul, or, a pilgrim to Patmos, along with the beloved disciple, see Jesus. And it is the day for prayer—the Sabbath itself one closet, and your quiet chamber another—a closet within a closet, when you may surely shut out the world, and get very near to God—the day for looking back, for confession, for eyeing the Lamb that was slain—the day for looking forward, for self-dedication, for holy resolutions, for obedience begun. And it is the day for public worship, when the glad bells say, "Go ye up to the house of the Lord," and the artless worshipers answer, "Thy face, Lord, will we seek." And it is the day for Christian converse, when, coming from the house of God in company, pious friends take council, one with another; and when, under the the quiet roof, they read, or go over the sermons, or commune together. And it is the day for family instruction, when the hymns are said, and the chapters read, and the truth in Jesus expounded, and when fatherly affection strives to leave the lesson of Heavenly wisdom imbedded in filial love. It is the day when, so that you do not exhaust yourself or overtask others, you may give every moment to the one thing needful—the day which is best employed when the soul gets all, and when heaven gets all, and God gets all.—*Rev. James Hamilton, D. D.*

☞ "I never did see such a wind and such a storm," said a man in a coffee-room. And pray, Sir," inquired a would be wit, "since you saw the wind and the storm, what might their color be?" "The wind blew, and the storm rose," was the ready rejoined.

THE ONLY WRINGER WITH THE

PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR

WHICH PREVENTS

The upper roll from ever being clogged, and relieves the entire strain from both the cloths and lower roll, and therefore saves the Clothes at least twenty per cent. more than any other Wringer, and is more than five times as durable as any other Wringer.

IT IS A PERFECT WRINGER

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Most Excellent Washer Combined!

☞ It contains the improvements of all other kinds, and has advantages which others do not possess.

It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair, in London, 1862.

It took the First Premium at the Great Fair of the American Institute in New York City, 1862, where the Judges were practical mechanics, and appreciated cog-wheels.

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Dear Sir—The Universal Cog-Wheel Clothes Wringer has been used in the Cooley House six days in the week for over a year, without any repairs, and is still good. Before I tried your Wringer, I tried several other patterns without cogs, and none wore over three months and some only three weeks.

L. M. COOLEY, Proprietor.

After a constant use of the Universal Clothes Wringer for more than four years in my family, I am authorized by "the powers that be" to give it the most unqualified praise, and to pronounce it an indispensable part of the machinery of housekeeping.

Our servants have always been willing to use it and have always liked it. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Brooklyn, January 25, 1864.

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Any good man can make larger wages than any other employment will afford as the demand is great and the sales rapid. We offer strong inducements, and give the exclusive right in the town. Address

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WATER AND DAMPNESS PROOF,

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